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THE
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

FEBRUARY, 1871.



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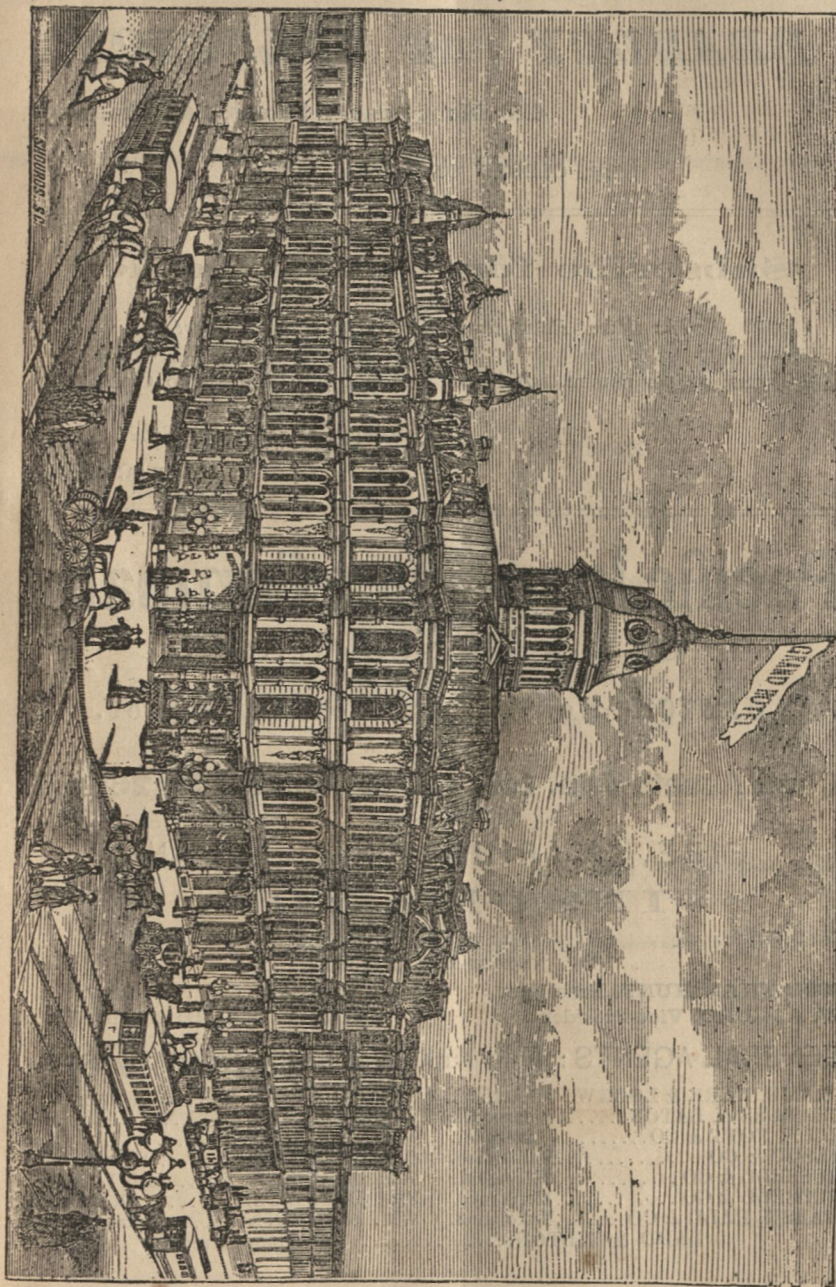
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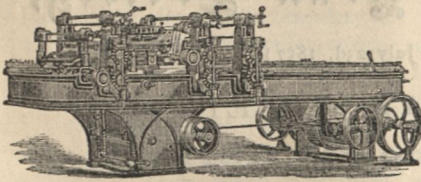
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VOL. 6.—FEBRUARY, 1871.—No. 2.

SALT-MAKING IN ALAMEDA.

EASTWARD of the Bay of San Francisco, and bordering upon it, is a low, long, level strip of land, known throughout the county as the "salt-marsh" region. It has for its inceptive point on the north, the village of San Leandro; and for its southern boundary, in the way of civilization, the village of Harrisburg. Its eastern boundary is an adjoining portion of the valley, covered with grain-fields and orchards, and dotted here and there with farm-houses and occasional villages. Its width is variable, and will probably average a distance of ten miles; while its length is invariable, or about twenty-five miles.

In winter, this region is a dreary waste of water, interspersed with many irregular patches of uninviting green, if the rivers or creeks running through it happen to be overflowed. When the creeks have their normal water-flow, it is a dreary waste of green, with here and there a pool of muddy and unpoetic water, covered with flocks of ducks of various colors, and with flocks of wild geese of both the white and gray varieties. In

summer, the same dreary waste of green—to thought and eyesight alike repulsive—the same offensive pools of water; but, instead of the ducks and geese, it is inhabited by snipes of two varieties: the common English snipe, and another variety of smaller size, unknown to the writer.

A singular plant clothes this border, and is characteristic of all its sections. It is of two varieties: one, a shrub of a light, dirty-green color, ranging from a foot and a half to three feet high, and undoubtedly the latest indigenous product of the soil; the other, a branchless, leafless, almost lifeless plant, of a somewhat darker green, hardly ever reaching beyond a foot in height, and belonging, evidently, to an intermediate stage of the formation. The two plants are locally known by the common name of "salt-weed." The latter plant has, also, a beautiful parasite, which may be seen in abundance during the months of July and August. It is a soft, fibrous tendril, winding around the stalk of the plant, or intertwining with its bare arms,

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till the ground is covered with a delicate net-work of fine silken threads. In color, this parasite has a variety of shades, ranging from a bright yellow to a tawny orange, which, with the occasional tinges of red, common to the "salt-weed" it feeds upon, relieves the green monotony of the region, and gives the landscape some features of attraction. Besides the plants mentioned, we find a few of nondescript order, and a few flowers of most suspicious beauty, struggling, year after year, for a respectable livelihood, and never quite certain that they have gained it. Close by the bay, also, and particularly near the mouths of the creeks running down to it, there are numberless beds of long, rank grass, usually of a bright-green color, and evidently the primeval plant of the region.

In ages long ago, this green border next the bay was the blue bay itself; and the valley, reaching outward and joining it to the mountains east of it, was the counterpart of the region already described. More remote even than this, the whole valley was the bay, broad and beautiful; and the bay, as centuries went on, took soil from the bases of the adjacent hills, which, with the *débris* that the winter rains brought down from the hill-sides sloping toward it, soon formed the original of the valley now before us. The embryo was a mere edging—not over a rod in width, perhaps—which grew and grew with years that came to it, till there were many low necks of boggy land, covered with characteristic verdure, intersected by as many points of water, filled with reeds or grasses, and finally this wonderful valley.

How many years the bay has taken, in conjunction with other forces, to reclaim this region, may be easier guessed than counted. Although we have no regular *data* for determining the period, like that of the Florida Reefs and the Nile deposits, we have something on which we may base an opinion: the

record of the alluvium, as read in the *débris* brought up from hundreds of feet below the surface by the many Artesian well-borers. The different strata thus developed prove that the valley is of aqueous origin, and that the forces concerned in its formation were both moderate and regular.

The early history of the region is simple. Prior to the year 1852, the salt business was only that of salt-gathering. It was then customary for many people in the adjacent regions to come with their wagons for the year's supply, during the inclusive months from August to October. They had no regular place of gathering, but took any field unoccupied, got the product it would give them, and then returned to their several homes, without molestation or incident of unusual interest. The people mostly engaged in the business at this time were the native Californians.

About the year 1852, a few Americans, owing to the high price of salt in the San Francisco market, caused by the heavy cost of shipment of that article from Eastern ports, and the unusual demand for it in the freshly populated mining-districts, resorted to the Mexican salt-grounds, and, with little or no show of right to do so, established themselves in the business of salt-making. They worked leisurely; earned money, but not very rapidly; made few improvements, and these of minor importance, and were in reality salt-gatherers, instead of salt-makers. With the fall in the price of salt, they abandoned the business, or only resorted to it for a home-supply and some inconsiderable local traffic.

It was not until the year 1862, or thereabout, that salt-gathering was superseded by salt-making, and this through the energy and foresight of Mr. Quigley, of Alvarado. He found little or no encouragement from those about him, and any amount of wordy hinderance. The community laughed at his projected busi-

ness: to commence it, was to fail in it. Nothing daunted, however, he determined to go forward. In his view, all that was needed to make the business a valuable one, was to commence work in earnest, proceed on intelligent principles, and, more than all, to persevere in it. He gave his views a practical self-demonstration, and proved the enterprise a paying one. And it is but just to say that it is mainly through his effort the region is now dotted from San Leandro to Warm Springs with salt-works; most of them, at least, paying property, all of them qualified to be such, in the hands of men who will work them as they may and should be worked.

In considering the question of salt-making, the item of primary importance is that of salt-ponds. Of these there are two varieties: the natural and the artificial. The former, as they appear in this region, are simply shallow basins of water mostly formed by the overflow of creeks in the vicinity, usually containing about eight acres each, and are so situated that they communicate with the tide-water from the bay below them. Their distinctive feature is that of a bottom that may be readily adapted to the business of salt-making. The latter are much like them in general appearance, save that they are more regular in shape, and surrounded by more evidence of human workmanship. They are, of course, much more costly than the others, and consequently less frequent; have porous bottoms; and, as a good bottom is indispensable to successful salt-making, are far inferior to the others. In them it takes from two to three years before the bottom can be depended upon; the test of a good bottom being that it shall not be porous, and shall have just enough plant-life to give it a sodden nature. With the choice of ponds, whether natural or artificial, it becomes necessary to dike them, in order that they may have only such com-

munication with tide-water as is most wholesome to the interests of the salt-maker. These dikes are usually, and, so far as we have seen, exclusively nothing but blocks of the salt-marsh sod, ranged in tiers, or in single layers, on either side of the ponds. Owing to the clayey nature of the sod, the dikes are made with comparatively slight cost, and only need repairing when visited by a severe overflow—an occasional circumstance, and therefore not discouraging. They vary in size, according to the situation of the ponds they inclose—a stronger kind, of course, being needed in the region of overflows—and will probably average about two feet in height, by the same distance in width.

With the ponds well diked and good bottoms secured for them, they are ready for the salt-water, whose ingress and egress are controlled by a gate-way in the main ditch communicating with tide-water; and in considering the use of the water in connection with the salt-ponds, we invite the reader's attention to the salt-works of Mr. Quigley, of Alvarado. We shall use his works as illustrative of most interesting points in the description given, simply because they are representative, and in seeing them the reader sees all that is characteristic of marine salt-making in the region, by the natural method.

In the salt-works of Mr. Quigley, three ponds are used. These ponds are situated in close proximity, not over a rod or two of distance separating them, and contain each about the same superficies, or eight acres. The outer pond, and the one that communicates with the tide-water directly, holds the salt-water in deposit, to be carried into the intermediate, or "pickle-pond," as it may be needed, and is generally less shallow than the other two. The water here is of a dull, leaden color, with nothing to relieve its monotony, very different in appearance from the "pickle-pond" it

feeds. This pond—known in local parlance as the “pickle-pond”—is a shallow, irregular basin of water, isolated from the outer and inner ponds by strong cross-dikes. Its purpose is to hold the salt-water in solution until it becomes a strong brine, hardly less vigorous than the pork-brine of the butcher. It receives the tide-water from the outer pond at irregular periods, determined by the state of the weather, or the inclination of the salt-maker. When sun and wind take kindly to his interests, and he does not forget them, these periods are regular and frequent. In the first supply of water, the color of this “pickle-pond” is not unlike that of the outer pond, afterward changing to a variety of hues, among which a dirty red is most prominent. When, by test, which is usually that of taste, the brine is strong enough for the inner, or “salt-pond” proper, it is carried into it by means of a rough, wooden force-pump and by wind-mill power, through a small ditch that connects them. The supply of brine is furnished to the “salt-pond” daily, when winds are favorable, and is so regulated that it shall not cover the surface to a greater depth than two or three inches, as that amount is more readily and safely evaporated than a larger one. In shape this pond is more regular than the other two, is somewhat larger than either of them, and much more shallow. Its color, too, is distinctive, being of a whitish cast, with here and there a pinkish tinge. It is the pond *par excellence*. Whatever the others may be, this must be perfect, or the work is almost a total failure. They (particularly the outer one) may be carelessly diked, dirty as you please, and have defective bottoms; the “salt-pond” must have none of these characteristics: it must have their opposites.

During the months of July and August, and, in fact, for that matter, until the end of the salt-season, these ponds

have certain characteristic features; and prominent among these is an almost intolerable stench, seemingly enough to sicken a gutter-snipe, but said to be remarkably healthful. It is a stench original. We tried again and again, while wincing under its influence, to think of something which might suggest it, and finally hit upon something which effectually does it. Shut yourself in an airtight room; inhale the scent of turnips, cabbages, onions, and of salt-pork rather musty than otherwise, as they are fiercely boiling together, and you will have the result of our discovery. Besides this stench, the ponds abound with swarms of mosquitoes, gigantic and aggressive, and with a curious variety of small flies, so thick in many places that they make the muddy surface almost invisible. The edges of the ponds are also covered with a mass of wormy *exuviae*, reminding one strongly of the shores of Mono Lake, which abound with a similar peculiarity.

With the water in the “pickle-pond” sufficiently strong to be pumped into the “salt-pond,” the work for the season has commenced in earnest, and goes on without cessation, unless from sheer carelessness on the part of the workman. The work, however, up to the month of July, is of a very simple character, employing but two men usually, and oftener but one. All that needs to be done is to keep the several ponds supplied with the kind of water suited to each, and as there are usually but one or two wind-mills to each salt-basin, and they are the only force demanding regulation, the reader will readily understand why the working force is thus limited.

The latter part of July brings a change in the working force; for it introduces the “scraping” period, which is a division of labor that engages from six to ten men, as best suits the taste of the foreman; and we now proceed to notice the

points descriptive of this part of the general work-system.

When thoroughly fitted for scraping, the "salt-pond" is covered with a layer of salt—yellow, white, dusky, or pink, as the soil may have had properties to color it—and has an average depth of an inch. Just before the period of commencing to scrape the pond, a small amount of water is run from the "pickle-pond" into the "salt-pond," for the purpose of having the salt in a loose condition, so that it can be readily brought together, under the force of the scraper. With the salt well loosened, the workman begins his work. He has a single implement of labor, neither costly nor complicated, consisting of a hoe-handle, one end of which is inserted in the centre of a section of fence-board, from twelve to sixteen inches in length. The board is sometimes lined with iron or other metal, projecting just enough to make it grasp the salt readily; but is oftener without it, and with the edge sufficiently beveled to make it answer the same purpose. With this scraper in hand, and large wooden sandals on his feet to prevent his sinking into the salt, the workman scrapes the salt into small conical heaps, containing each about a hundred pounds. As soon as the salt is scraped into these heaps, and the sun has partly dried it, the work of depositing it in large heaps on the edges of the pond, commences. To do this, a portable car-track is made, in sections of sixteen feet in length and three feet in width—commonly of wood, that it may be as light as possible. This car-track is laid from the edge of the "salt-pond" to a central portion of the same, and with the car upon it and in motion, the work of salt-gathering has fairly commenced. The car used is very similar to the common hand-car of our railroads—minus the crank-power—having a wide, projecting top with flaring sides, almost invariably of iron, holding conveniently three-quarters of a ton, and

is worked by two men, usually Chinamen. The two men tending the car throw into it the rows of salt near it, while the outer rows are brought to it by two other men, in wheelbarrows made for the purpose, and with a characteristic feature of broad, wooden wheels. When the men are moderate workers, the loading and unloading of the car take from twenty to twenty-five minutes each, according as the salt-heaps are near or distant from each other. With the salt in heaps on the edges of the pond, the scraping is over for a period, to be resumed at intervals, as the weather may be favorable to the interests of the salt-maker. Some seasons allow him to scrape his ponds four or five times; and usually with an excellent supply as the result. The time employed in scraping a pond of eight acres depends, of course, upon the force engaged in it, and with six Chinamen—a common working complement for this period—is about three weeks. The amount scraped is also variable; but with good winds and kindly sun during the time it has been forming, will average nearly two hundred and fifty tons.

After the salt has partially dried, it is carried in a two-horse wagon—like the wheelbarrows, with a specialty of broad wheels—to the warehouse, situated on the bank of the creek. This warehouse is a rough, wooden building, *sans* floor, ceiling, windows—*sans* everything which may give it the touch of finished workmanship. It has two large end-doors, wide enough for the passage of a common wagon without difficulty. It holds, when well filled, not far from a thousand tons; and in filling it, the following method is adopted: A tier of salt in sacks, each holding about a hundred pounds, is placed on either side of the centre of the building, and between the posts that support the same. These sacks run lengthwise of the building, and serve as a wall to the loose salt

placed between them and the outer walls of the warehouse. In filling the sides, the men are careful that the loose salt slopes outward from the centre; otherwise it may burst through the sides of the building. With these spaces well filled, and usually to a height of ten feet, one of the doors is closed, and the central portion is filled with loose salt. The three divisions of the warehouse are sometimes respectively used for as many varieties of salt, but usually inclose but two qualities—the good and the poor.

Elsewhere in the region, warehouses are built of much smaller dimensions, to give them, doubtless, a better drying capacity, and with the sides flaring out from the top toward the bottom, for the purpose of additional strength. Such are those of the Garibaldi Company, almost a dozen in number, by the way, and situated near Eden Landing—a wharfage on the creek, a mile or so from the village of Mount Eden.

As before intimated, in the description just given, we have used the works of Mr. Quigley as the basis of the same, and also as representative of the general system.

It was something over a year ago when the Suffolk Company projected their business, and under discouraging circumstances, as they had promise of the most bitter opposition on the part of the natural salt-makers near them; and a location seemingly not the most desirable. In starting their business, it was the aim of the leading spirit of the company—a San Francisco gentleman—to test conclusively whether a finer quality of salt could not be made in the region, and one of a much purer nature. Discarding the old methods of procedure, he built numberless ponds, much smaller than the natural ones; filtered the water, by a process known to himself, and finally allowed it to evaporate from a smooth plank surface, instead of the usual dirty sod. The result, as can

be readily anticipated, was of the most satisfactory character.

Not satisfied with this result simply, the company have determined to make the salt marketable for all uses before they have shipped it. Commonly, salt from these works, as it enters the San Francisco market, is coarse and dirty, and must be subjected to a variety of processes before it is adapted to the general trade. To obviate this, they have erected apparatus on the grounds for the purpose of drying, cleaning, and grinding the salt. Although somewhat crude and speculative, these appliances prove the virtue of the enterprise; and they are soon to be supplanted by those which must place its worth beyond cavil.

How well they have succeeded in distancing old methods may be best judged, perhaps, from the range of prices received for salt they have already shipped. While the salt from old methods has been selling in San Francisco for prices ranging from \$8 to \$12 per ton, and the market frequently glutted, that which they have sent to it has commanded from \$15 to \$25 per ton, and the supply always in demand.

The salt varies with different localities and with different methods of working. In the natural ponds it crystallizes readily in small, laminated crystals, usually square, but sometimes of irregular appearance; while in the artificial, particularly in those with planked bottoms, the crystals are less perfect in shape and much smaller in size. Where the water has been thoroughly filtered, as in the ponds just mentioned, the salt has a remarkable purity, found by actual assay to reach a standard of ninety-five per cent. chloride of sodium. In salt from the common water the average is rarely above fifty per cent., and frequently much less.

Among the causes contributing to the impurity of the salt, we may mention those of defective bottoms and alkaloid

soils. The latter is most common, and most prominent in its disastrous effects. Its tendency is to leave the salt of a dead, white color, lifeless, and unsalable; and the presence of this color is one of the distinguishing tests of its worthlessness.

Besides these causes, there is another in some localities which makes it much less marketable: that of dust. This is, perhaps, most prominently seen in the vicinity of Eden Landing, where there are large salt-works, mostly of the natural variety. That dust, too, should affect the salt in this region, when no winds reach it from places near it where dust is most common, is not a little singular. Back of the works is the watery salt land; on either side the same, and in front of them are roadless meadows and grain fields, all of which are comparatively dustless. Where, then, does the dust come from? Strange as it may seem, the defect is due to the dust of San Francisco; and when we learn that the city is twenty-five miles away from the works, what wonder we are heartily surprised at the discovery of the fact? It seems that the winds sweeping in from the sea raise the dust of the city, carry it across the bay, and finally deposit it on these salt basins, soiling the water in the ponds, and injuring the salt already made. A further singular fact in regard to this matter is, that although the land just above it has the same trend, and no trees or hills to break the force of a wind current, it has no such infliction. Who will account for this?

The shipment of salt is mostly by steamers from the Eden and Union City landings, the balance falling to small schooners that touch at points where the steamers have no communication, and where in some cases it would be impossible for them to go. The cost of shipment rarely falls below \$1.25, and is hardly ever above \$1.50 per ton, and the time is regulated by the demand in

market. As it costs them nothing for home storage, they keep it until there is a demand for it, and then ship it as fast as the means of transportation will allow.

The main natural forces at work in salt-making, as the reader must have already seen, are heat and wind. The latter turns his wind-mills; the former evaporates the water in his salt-ponds. These forces are his patrons. If they be generous, he shall have every reason to be the same; if they forget his interests, he shall have no weak excuse for neglecting them. Usually, however, they are mindful of his needs. Month on month the west wind sings and works for him, and month on month the south sun smiles in his favor. What matters it to him that they are treacherous with other men and interests? What though the wind forgets to be decorous in the great city and on the broad sea, while with him it is a well-trained charger moving at his will? And the sun! It may beat upon the grain-fields near him till they are parched, and sere, and worthless; it may eat out the sweetness of the apple, peach, and other varieties of fruit that grow in abundance about him, changing their round, rosy faces to others yellow and sunken; it may sow diseases broadcast through the land till the men in cities flee to the mountaintops, and there is wail of suffering from many a farmer's hamlet; it may work its ruin far and near, and with a royal will, he laughs while others weep, he lauds while others curse: the death they feel is life to him.

Let no one think we are to forget the all-important question: *Does salt-making pay?* We would not so offend the honest, practical reader who shall take the trouble to read this article, and we invite him to follow us through the estimate below, hoping he shall readily find a satisfactory answer.

We note first the cost of scrapers and

of lumber for gate-ways, tracks, and other uses, together with the cost of repairs on hand-cars, wind-mills, and wheelbarrows, believing that a fair estimate will make the annual outlay not more than \$100. The cost of labor is the next item. Putting the work of the foreman at \$5 per day—a price beyond its actual value—and that of an under-workman, who is sometimes only needed, at \$30 per month, board included—a generous estimate—the cost of their labor for a year is about \$2,000. Besides their work is that of the Chinamen during the periods of scraping the ponds, costing on the average about \$300 per season. Then there is the cost of transferring the salt from the salt-beds to the warehouses on the creek, which, considering the amount a thousand tons, will cost nearly \$500. A further item is its cost of shipment to San Francisco, which, for the same number of tons, at the usual price of \$1.25 per ton, is \$1,250. A still further item is that of commissions on actual sales, which, at five per cent.—the common price—is \$500. Add to these the amount of \$300 for incidental expenses—much more than is commonly needed—and the total cost of a thousand tons in market is about \$4,950.

The salt in market commands a varying price, from \$8 to \$16 per ton, according to its quality and the time of sale, which would give an average of \$12. Making the average, however, but \$10, and the amount received for a thousand tons is \$10,000. Take from this the cost of the salt, or \$4,950, and the seller receives

a net profit of over \$5,000. Does it pay? Originally this result may not hold good, as the ponds have to be diked and the bottoms adapted to salt-making at an additional expense of considerable moment. Nor does it apply to artificial methods, as they are yet in embryo, and can, therefore, give no sure basis of calculation. The result is indicative of works already well established, and of those in a measure at least representative.

We may add, in conclusion, two strong facts that make this business specially attractive: the remarkable healthfulness of the work, and the unusually favorable climate of California for marine salt-making. While we would not say in reference to the former that sickness is so rare as to be a phenomenon, we do not hesitate to say that it is so unfrequent as to cause surprise to all not acquainted with the cause, and to be reason for common congratulation. In regard to the latter, it is needless to say more than that climate could hardly be more propitious. From June to November there is a season of sunshine unbroken, save at intervals, and then so slightly that it is of little or no detriment to the salt interest. With these incentives, taking into consideration the natural quickness of Californians in the apprehension of money-making operations, it will be strange, indeed, if the business does not go forward until this whole region is appropriated by men amply able to make salt-making one of the most important of the staple products of the county.

JUDSON FARLEY.

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THEIR RACE.

IN the year 1750 there lived in Frankfort-on-the-Main a young Jewish couple, Anselm Rothschild and Rebecca, his wife, married the year before, who were trying what they could make out of the world by buying and selling old clothes in Teutsch-straat, No. 123. On the 27th of February, the rite of circumcision had been celebrated in the little parlor over their shop, eight days after the birth of Meyer Anselm, their first-born. As the child, like Samuel in old Eli's days, was intended by his mother for the priesthood, the chief Rabbi performed the ceremony, and the Hebrew gentry of the town honored the young parents by their presence. The boy grew up under advantages of a good education, provided by friends and the priesthood, and went through the curriculum of study that was usual. At Furth, where he was placed from seven years old to eleven, his favorite employment was the examination of ancient coins in the Numismatic Museum. It is worth remark here in the outset—the truth of which any business man may confirm—that a Jew always knows the approximate value of a piece of money or a jewel, be it never so strange or rare, whenever or wherever presented to him. All through the thousand years of what we call the “Middle Ages,” the necessity of concealing his wealth from the rapacity of Christian Kings and nobles, educated every successful Hebrew in the knowledge of whatever represented value within the smallest compass. It is the same to-day. A Jew on shipboard knows the worth of every foreign coin you may have taken on your travels; he rates the value of the jewelry your wife or daughters wear at every

grand reception; he buys unpolished pearls from the Java oyster-beds, and diamonds in the rough at the London Docks; his judgment decides the amount of the loan that may be safely made on jewelry in the pawn-brokeries of the great cities in Europe and America; and the crown-jewels of every monarchy throughout the world are pledged and redeemed, bought and sold, polished and set, under the scrutinizing eye of a descendant from Abraham.

Meyer was left without a father at the age of eleven years. Declining the course of study marked out by his parents, he engaged as a messenger-boy in a banking-house in Hanover, grew up to a clerkship, returned as a money-changer to his native city, and opened out the germ of that mighty business that was destined to act so powerfully upon the Governments of Europe. While still poor, standing every day at the counter of his little banking-house, changing foreign bank-notes into current money, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he re-opened his office as soon as the

town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time, as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that upon the Duke's return, in 1802, he offered to refund the whole with five per cent. per annum for interest. This, of course, was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the Duke's influence was used to obtain business for the honest Jew.

In 1812, Meyer Anselm Rothschild died, leaving to the mighty fortune, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters—placing upon them the injunction, with his last breath, of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by sons and daughters with religious fidelity. Sisters married with unanimous consent of the mother and all the children. Brothers remained in copartnership. Their places of residence, by mutual agreement, became far asunder—Anselm domiciliating himself in Frankfort; Solomon, in Vienna; Charles, in Naples; James, in Paris; and Nathan, in London—but their union remained indissoluble. Before 1820, the house had become ubiquitous. Like a net-work, it had spread itself over Europe, and its operations were felt tremblingly in all the great loans contracted by nations. In days anterior to electric telegraph and rail, their couriers traveled from brother to brother. They conveyed the earliest news. Mails were outstripped; Government expresses were left behind; relays were ready at every post: commercial dispatches, subvented by public companies, as well as private enterprise, failed in successful competi-

tion with the Hebrew firm. Nathan Rothschild received in London news of the result of Waterloo five hours before it was announced on 'Change, and made £200,000 in consequence. During the great revolt in India, Havelock's success, which changed Consols from 84 to 89, was known at the counting-room in Lombard Street a full day before it reached the Bank of England. Lord Palmerston regretted, in his famous reply to Mr. Disraeli, that Government had to depend for its earliest advices of the attacks upon Sebastopol on "the courtesy of the Israelitish house." It was the same during the Franco-Italian War; it held good five years ago when Prussian legions thundered their triumphal progress against the strongholds of Austria; and it is only yesterday that the Rothschilds discounted in the London market the fatal surrender of Bazaine a full two hours before it was recorded by the telegraphic wires that stretch to the Royal Exchange.

There are no better illustrations of the fact that the Jew everywhere works in his own peculiar way. He holds in Europe the sinews of war, and at the same time grasps the rags from the kennel. His energy and perseverance are unrivaled, and his wealth and love of gain a proverb and a reproach. The poorer class is as persistent, acute, and eager in the prosecution of business as the rich. They have monopolized particular branches of traffic, and made them their own. With the dawn of every morning in London, more than three thousand of them march forth, with bag on shoulder, to collect the cast-off garments of three millions of people. For five days in the week the cry of "Clo', clo', clo'," is heard at intervals in all streets from early dawn till evening. From Belgravia and Eaton Square to the meanest lanes and slums of the most squalid districts, not a spot is left unvisited. To the Jew there is a value

in every abandoned piece of raiment, however mean, and he disdains no profit, however small. The rejected clothing of nearly all England finds its way, sooner or later, to the Houndsditch Rag Fair, and the amount of business daily done by Jews of the lowest class in that receptacle of mold and filth, it is said, will average £3,000.

Another favorite traffic of the race is in dried fruits. Another still, of which they hold a monopoly, is in the old linen of hospitals and asylums, clubs and hotels. As a rule, the Hebrew declines dealing in nothing that has a value, unless it be an article rapidly perishable. Thus he never ventures a penny in flowers, never deals in vegetables, never presides at an oyster-stall, never hawks fresh fish from door to door. But he will do any thing, save these, unless it be to beg. *That* he never does. In all the world there is not a Jew who is a professional beggar. Reduce him to extremest pauperism, afflict him with disease, maim him, take away hearing, eyes, and power of locomotion, and he will lie, steal, and cheat for a living, but never beg. There is no such thing as a mendicant Jew. There are numbers of them in all the cities of Europe who are poor enough, but poverty will not make them beggars. Instead of that, it makes them hawkers and peddlers, scriveners and guides, scavengers and refuse-gatherers, petty thieves and counterfeits, pimps and panderers, dealers in stolen goods and discounters of forged notes of hand—any thing, in short, but the aversion of their race: public mendicants.

It is in exchange and barter that the Israelite everywhere excels. He rarely produces. Into handicraft he seldom enters. Inventive genius is not his. Manufacture he leaves to others. Mechanical skill seems foreign to his nature. He is a poor household servant, and a poorer operative. Manual labor,

where bread is to be won by daily wage, he avoids. Scorning no efforts while he is his own master, he abhors drudgery for another. The best of commercial travelers, he is the worst of counting-house clerks. Sharpest of buyers and sellers, he is the stupidest of contrivers. The Jew continues, but does not originate; accepts, but never organizes; finds a market, but never creates demand; makes the best of every situation, but receives it at the same time as the inevitable. Wherever money is to be won by shrewd calculation, however; wherever speculative risk promises a fair return, or whenever an unsteady market offers chances for large returns, his tact, boldness, and caution have no equals. His judgment in an emergency is rarely at fault. The critical moment seldom escapes his notice. Scruples do not embarrass him. Conscience makes no coward of his venture. It thus becomes true that in every country there is a great Hebrew capitalist. When the allied armies, in 1815, needed money, the sovereigns had recourse to a Jew. When the British wanted twenty millions for the emancipation of the West India slaves, a Hebrew furnished it. When the Crimean War made necessary an unusual loan; when Prussia, girding herself for combat with Austria, demanded extraordinary vitality for the sinews of war; when Russia saved herself from bankruptcy, after Sebastopol had become a heap of ruins, it was a Jew who was ready to meet the case of need. Of our own national securities held abroad to-day, almost beyond calculation as the amount is, more than seven-eighths of the whole sum is indorsed by the Hebrew bankers of Vienna and Frankfort, Berlin and London.

To return to the famous house: It will be remembered that Nathan Rothschild settled in England. He came, in 1800, as a purchaser for his father of

Manchester fabrics. Large sums of money were, in the course of time, intrusted to him by the German Princes for safe investment. After the decease of his father, in 1812, he was looked upon by the brothers as the head of the firm. His financial transactions pervaded the whole continent, and he came, at last, to be consulted upon almost every speculation and undertaking. He first introduced the system of foreign loans into England. Such were his good judgment and management that not one of the countries with which he entered into contracts ever failed in their engagements. He died in 1836, but there are old men still frequenting the Royal Exchange in London who remember his personal appearance and sayings. He always occupied the same place in the thronged internal square, covered by the vast roof, and studded with pillars and carvings, alto-relievos and statuary. A heavy man, with marked Hebrew face; plainly dressed; undemonstrative in manner; quick and short in speech, that was marked by strong German accent; positive in his answers; quiet in his greed for news, none of which, however, ever fell upon his ears unheeded; reticent in giving expression to his opinions; never forgetting face, name, or standing of those with whom he dealt; so ready in the value of exchange as never to refer to his book, which he always held in his hand; making his replies so distinct that no second question was ever asked; cold, formal, reserved, and distant, never losing his equanimity in reverses or gains, and so thoroughly himself as never to hesitate—his memory remains till to-day as that of the model business-man of the great metropolis. His word was always kept. He knew no difference in men. A commercial transaction was to him beyond all fear or favor. Friends or strangers—those who had dealt with him for years or those who entered into first engagements—were alike. He was

indifferent to every thing but the simple transaction of the moment.

It is, of course, impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the present wealth of the widely extended house, or of its numerous individual members. As a rule, all descendants of the Rothschilds, in the male line, unite with the firm at their majority. There are now more than seventy, who are fourth in descent from Meyer Anselm Rothschild, that are counted as partners. The cousins intermarry. There have hitherto been no instances of imbecility or eccentricity resulting from these close connections. Nor among the young men of the various families, exposed as they are to the temptations which wealth offers in large cities, is there known to have been a solitary case of intemperance. The children, male and female, like their parents, are Jews of the strictest sect. The family abounds in charities. There are six hospitals—one each in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, and Constantinople—of the amplest dimensions and completest arrangements, which have been built and are supported by the Rothschilds. Sir Moses Montefiore, now past eighty-six years of age, whose mother and wife were Rothschilds, is perhaps the most philanthropic man in England. His immense wealth has been devoted for more than half a century to the relief of suffering Jews all over the world. Five times has he been to the Holy Land on errands of mercy—four times to the Algerian and Tunisian States—twice to Egypt—and I know not how often to the Principalities, armed with letters and *quasi*-diplomatic power, in order to relieve his Israelitish brethren who were suffering from oppression or poverty.

Although the wealth of the great firm is unknown, its transactions with Governments are matters of history. Since the peace of 1815, it has raised for Great Britain £200,000,000 sterling; for Aus-

tria, £50,000,000; for Prussia, £40,000,000; for France, £80,000,000; for Naples, £50,000,000; for Russia, £25,000,000; for Brazil, £12,000,000; and for other and smaller States, more than £28,000,000. The gains upon these transactions alone must have been enormous. Hence, the impression in all monetary marts of the world, that the credit of the Rothschilds is beyond damage. In 1857, when the financial storm that prostrated all confidence of man in man in the United States, swept across the Atlantic, bringing havoc to bankers and merchants, ship-owners and manufacturers, iron-masters and bill-discounters, almost the only house in Europe, perhaps the only one, that stood unshaken by the tempest was theirs. For two or three days, George Peabody's credit was gone. Baring Brothers looked out with dismay upon the wrecks floating around them. Brown, Shipley & Co.; the Morrisons; Frederick Huth & Co., and other leading mercantile and banking firms of London, took in all canvas and were striving to ride out the gale under bare poles. The Rothschilds, on the contrary, showed no change. Their extended business seemed to suffer no diminution. As loan-contractors, dealers in bullion, stock-purchasers, and sellers of securities, they did as much during the panic—perhaps more—than ever. They spread their sails to the winds, and even when the Bank of England had to appeal to Government for help, they swept onward without dismay. They lost £8,000,000 by fall in securities, in 1848. They are supposed to have lost no less during the present Franco-Prussian war. But in neither case did it affect their credit. If any thing on earth were exempt from disastrous mutation, it would appear to be the wealth of the Rothschilds.

All the sons of Meyer Anselm, the originator of the family, are dead. Nathan died at the age of sixty-four, in 1837; the other four lived till 1856, dur-

ing which year all of them deceased, each having passed the age of fourscore. Nathan left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British Capital, the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, a Member of Parliament from London, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron—his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second, Sir Anthony de Rothschild, is an English baronet; the third, Meyer, was High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. In 1847, Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in Parliament. He was returned by a large vote, and from then until now, having been elected nine times, has been one of the favorite members from the city.

It is a fact illustrative of the slow progress of reform in England, that, though Baron Rothschild was elected Member of Parliament by the most important constituency in the Kingdom, in 1847, '49, '52, and '57, it was not permitted that he should take his seat until the last-named year. The oath of allegiance ran, "Upon the true faith of a Christian." This, as a Jew, the Baron could not take. Again and again, he advanced to the Bar of the House, uncovered his head, raised his right hand, slowly repeated the form after the Speaker, until the fatal words were reached, when, becoming silent, and still remaining silent during three repetitions by the Speaker, he took his seat outside the Bar. For ten years successively an Act, changing the oath, was sent from the Commons to the Lords, and was ten times refused concurrence. That conservative body would not away with it. At length, by a resolution of the Lower House, the standing orders were set aside, and the Baron was permitted to take his seat, and give his vote. Other Jews have

been elected since to the Commons. But not all the power of the Crown, nor the will of the whole British people, has been able to open the way to a Hebrew within the House of Lords.

The mother of the Rothschilds—the widow of old Anselm—that same Rebecca whose first-born was circumcised amid unexpected honors, in the little upper chamber of the old-clothes shop, a century and a fifth ago, lived to the age of fourscore and fifteen years, the cheeriest and brightest of old women. In the year 1830, an American traveler was exploring the antiquities of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Jews'-quarter, then and now a specimen of the intolerable vexations to which the hated race was sub-

jected for many hundred years, contained, within a narrow, ill-paved street, a frame building of singular neatness, upon which every improvement it would admit seemed to have been carefully made. Seated in a large arm-chair, behind the small, diamond-shaped panes of glass that filled the window of the one-stairs front, was a venerable lady, engaged in knitting stockings. She had outlived three generations, and yet her eye was not dim, nor her mind clouded. It was the ancestress of the Rothschilds—the mother of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, then eighteen years dead—the lineal head of the greatest commercial family known to the modern world.

N. S. DODGE.

COAST WHALING.

THE different species of whales found on the coast of California, which may be reckoned as the whales of commerce, are the Humpback, Finback, Blackfish, Right Whale, Sperm Whale, Sulphurbottom, and California Gray. The right and sperm whales were sought for by our whalers many years before California was annexed to the United States. In by-gone days so numerous were the cachalots—which are usually found far off in the blue ocean—that they were often taken within sight of the Mission buildings scattered along the coast; yet, like all the "old ground," once frequented by the American whaling fleet, whose sails have whitened the waters of the globe from meridian to meridian, and from the Arctic to the Antarctic circles, now only a casual straggler is seen of the species before mentioned, where in early times the objects of pursuit were found in countless numbers. Nevertheless, whaling parties have established themselves

at different points along the coast, who ply their craft from year to year successfully. The principal places are Half-moon Bay, Pigeon Point, Monterey, St. Simeon, San Pedro, and San Diego.

The Monterey Company was organized in 1852, since which time thousands of barrels of oil have been caught in the adjacent bays. Since the more valuable whales have been swept from the coast, the species taken are the humpback, finback, and California gray, and this peculiar creature, whose name is significant with the coast to which it annually resorts with great regularity, has been the leading object of pursuit for several years past. The following description of the animal, and the mode of capturing it, may give a general idea of "coast whaling," as well as impart a brief history of the prominent habits of one of the most interesting members of the whole cetacean family.

The California gray differs from other species of *balæna* in its color, being of

a mottled gray. The length of the female is from forty to forty-four feet—the fully grown varying but little in size; its greatest circumference, twenty-eight to thirty feet; its “flukes,” thirty inches in depth and ten feet broad. It has no dorsal fin. Its pectorals are six and a half feet in length and two and a half feet in width, tapering from near the middle toward the end, which is quite pointed. It has a succession of ridges, crosswise along the back, from opposite the vent, to the flukes. The coating of fat, or blubber, is six to ten inches in thickness, and of a reddish cast. The average yield of oil is forty barrels. The male may average thirty-five feet in length, but varies more in size than the female, and the usual quantity of oil it produces may be reckoned at twenty-five barrels.

The California gray is only found in north latitudes, and its migrations have never been known to extend lower than 20° north. It frequents the coast of California from November to May. During these months the “cows” enter the lagoons on the lower coast to bring forth their young, while the males remain outside along the sea-shore. Occasionally a male is seen in the lagoons with the cows at the last of the season, and soon after both male and female, with their young, will be seen working their way northward, following the shore so near that they often pass through the kelp near the beach. It is seldom they are seen far out at sea. Their habits are strikingly different from those of other whales in resorting to shoal bays and lagoons. In summer they congregate in the Arctic Ocean and Okhotsk Sea. In October and November they appear off the coast of Oregon and Upper California, on their way back to their tropical haunts, making a quick, low spout at long intervals, showing themselves but little till they reach the smooth lagoons of the lower coast,

where, if not disturbed, they gather in large numbers, passing and repassing into and out of the estuaries, or slowly raising their massive forms midway out of their element, and falling over on their sides, as if by accident, dashing the water into foam and spray about them. At times, in calm weather, they are seen lying on the water quite motionless, keeping one position for an hour or more. At such times the seagulls and cormorants frequently light upon the huge beasts.

About the shoals at the mouth of one of the lagoons, in 1860, we saw large numbers of the monsters. It was at the low stage of the tide, and the shoal places were plainly marked by the constantly foaming breakers. To our surprise, we saw numbers of them going through the surf, where the depth was barely sufficient to float them. We could discern in many places, by the white sand that came to the surface, that they must be near, or touching, the bottom. One, in particular, lay for a half-hour in the breakers, playing, as seals often do in a heavy surf, turning from side to side with half-extended fins, and moved apparently by the heavy ground-swell which was breaking, at times making a playful spring with its bending flukes, throwing its body clear of the water, coming down with a heavy splash, then making two or three spouts, again settling under water, and perhaps the next moment his head would appear, and with the heavy swell the animal would roll over in a listless manner, to all appearance enjoying the sport intensely.

As the season approaches for the whales to bring forth their young, which is from December to March, they formerly collected at the most remote extremities of the lagoons, huddled together so thickly that it was difficult for a boat to cross the waters without coming in contact with them. Repeated in-

stances have been known of their getting aground, and lying for several hours with but two or three feet of water about them, without apparent injury from resting heavily on the sandy bottom till the rising tide floated them. It appears to be their nature to get into the shallowest water when their "cubs" are young. For this reason the whaling vessels anchor at a considerable distance from where the crews go to hunt them, and several vessels are often in the same lagoon.

The first streak of dawn is the signal for lowering the boats, all pulling for the head-waters, where the whales are expected to be found. As soon as one is seen, the officer who first discovers it, sets a "waif" * in his boat, and gives chase. Boats belonging to other vessels do not interfere, but go in search for other whales. When pursuing, great care is taken to keep behind, and a short distance from the animal, till driven to the extremity of the lagoon, or into shoal water; then the men in the boats nearest, spring to their oars in the exciting race, and the animal, swimming so near the bottom, has its progress impeded, thereby giving its pursuers a decided advantage, although occasionally it will suddenly change its course, or "dodge," which frequently prolongs the chase for hours, the boats cutting through the water at their utmost speed. At other times, when the "cub" is young and weak, the movements of the mother are sympathetically suited to her dependent offspring. It is rarely that the dam will forsake her young one, when molested. When within "darting distance" (sixteen or eighteen feet), the "boat-steerer" darts the "harpoons," and if the whale is struck it dashes about, lashing the water into foam, oftentimes saving the boats. As soon as the boat is fast, the officer goes into the head, and watch-

es a favorable opportunity to shoot a bomb-lance. Should this enter a vital part and explode, it kills instantly, but it is not often this good luck occurs; more frequently two or three bombs are shot, which paralyze the animal to some extent, then the boat is hauled near enough to use the hand-lance. After repeated thrusts, the whale becomes sluggish in its motions; then, going "close to," the lance is set into its "life," which completes the capture. The animal rolls over on its side, with fins extended, and dies without a struggle. Sometimes it will circle around within a small compass, or make a zig-zag course, heaving its head and flukes above the water, and will either roll over, "fin out," or die under water and sink to the bottom.

Thus far we have spoken principally of the females, as they are found in the lagoons. Mention has been made, however, of that general habit, common to both male and female, of keeping near the shore in making the passage between their northern and southern feeding-grounds. This fact becoming known, and the bomb-gun coming into use, soon changed the mode of capture along the outer coast. The whaling parties first stationed themselves in their boats at the most favorable points, where the thickest beds of kelp were found, and then lay in wait watching for a good chance to shoot them as they passed. This was called "kelp whaling."

The first year or two that this pursuit was practiced, many of the animals passed through or along the edge of the kelp, where the gunners chose their own distance for a shot. This course, however, soon developed the sagacity of those periodical visitors. At first, the ordinary whale-boat was used, but the keen-eyed "devil-fish" soon found what would be the consequence of getting too near the long, dark-looking object, as it lay nearly motionless, only rising and falling with

* A small flag.

the rolling swell. A very small boat—with one man to scull and the other to shoot—was then used, instead of the whale-boat. This proved successful for a time, but, after a few successive seasons, the animals passed farther seaward, and at the present time the boats usually anchor outside the kelp. The mottled fish being seen approaching far enough for the experienced gunner to judge nearly where it will “break water,” the boat is sculled to that place, to await the “rising.” If it “shows a good chance,” it is frequently killed instantly and sinks to the bottom, or receives its death-wound by the bursting of the bomb-lance. Consequently, the stationary position or slow movement of the animal enables the whaler to get a harpoon into it before sinking. To the harpoon a line is attached, with a buoy, which indicates the place where the dead creature lies, should it go to the bottom. Then, in the course of twenty-four hours, or in less time, it rises to the surface, and is then towed to the shore, the blubber taken off and tried out in pots set for that purpose upon the beach.

Another mode of capture is by ships cruising off the land and sending their boats inshore toward the line of kelp; and, as the whales work to the southward, the boats, being provided with extra large sails, the whalers take advantage of the strong northerly winds, and, running before the breeze, sail so near as to dart the hand-harpoon into the fish. “Getting fast” in this way, it is killed in deep water, and, if inclined to sink, it can be held up by the boats till the ship comes to them, when a large “flake-rope” is made fast, or the “fin-chain” is secured to one fin, the “cutting-tackle” hooked, and the whale “cut in” immediately. This mode is called “sailing them down.” Still another way of catching them is with “Greener’s Harpoon Gun,” which is similar to a small swivel gun. It is of one and a

half inch bore, three feet long in the barrel, and, when stocked, weighs seventy-five pounds. The harpoon, four feet and a half long, is projected with considerable accuracy to any distance under eighty-four yards. The gun is mounted on the bow of the boat. A variety of manœuvres are practiced when using the weapon: at times the boat lying at anchor, and, again, drifting about for a chance-shot. When it is judged to be ten fathoms off, the gun is pointed eighteen inches below the back; if fifteen fathoms, eight or ten inches below; if eighteen or twenty fathoms distant, the gun is sighted at the top of its back.

Still another strategic plan has been practiced with successful results, called “whaling along the breakers.” Mention has been already made of the habit which these whales have of playing about the breakers at the mouth of the lagoons. This, the watchful eye of the whaler was quick to see, could be turned to his advantage.

After years of pursuit by waylaying them around the beds of kelp, the wary animals learned to shun those fatal points, making a wide deviation in their course to enjoy their sports among the rollers of the lagoons’ mouths, as they passed them either way. But the civilized whaler anchors his boats as near the roaring surf as safety will permit, and the unwary fish that comes in reach of the deadly harpoon, or bomb, is very sure to pay the penalty with its life. If it come within darting distance, it is harpooned; and, as the stricken one makes for the open sea, it is soon in deep water, where the pursuer makes his capture with comparative ease; or, if passing within range of the bomb-gun, one of the explosive missiles is planted in its side, which so paralyzes the animal that the fresh boat’s-crew, who have been resting at anchor, taking to their oars, soon overtake and dispatch it.

The casualties from coast and kelp-

whaling are nothing to be compared with the accidents that have been experienced by those engaged in taking the females in the lagoons. Hardly a day passes but there is upsetting or staving of boats, the crews receiving bruises, cuts, and, in many instances, having limbs broken; and repeated accidents have happened where men have been instantly killed, or received mortal injury. The reasons of the increased dangers are these: the sandy bottom being continually stirred by the strong currents, making it difficult to see an object to any considerable depth, owing to the quick and deviating movements of the animal, and its unusual sagacity. When a whale is "struck" at sea, there is generally but little difficulty in keeping clear, when it is first irritated by the harpoon. It endeavors to escape by "running," or descends to the depths below, taking out more or less line, the direction of which, and the movements of the boat, indicate the animal's whereabouts. But in a lagoon, the object of pursuit is in narrow passages, where frequently there is a swift tide, and the turbid water prevents the whaler from seeing far beneath the boat. Should the chase be made with the current, the fugitive sometimes stops suddenly, and the speed of the boat, together with the influence of the running water, shoots it upon the worried animal, when it is dashing the water in every direction. The whales that are chased have with them their young cubs, and the mother, in her efforts to avoid the pursuit of herself and offspring, may momentarily lose sight of her little one. Instantly she will stop and sweep around in search, and if the boat comes in contact with her, it is quite sure to be stove. Another danger is, that in darting the lance at the mother the young one, in its gambols, will get in the way of the weapon, and receive the wound, instead of the intended victim. In such instances, the parent animal, in her frenzy, will chase

the boats, and, overtaking them, will overturn them with her head, or dash them in pieces with a stroke of her ponderous flukes.

The testimony of many whaling-masters furnishes abundant proof that this species of whale is possessed of unusual sagacity; and their strong affection for their young is unquestionable. Numerous contests with them have proved that, after the loss of their cherished offspring, the enraged animal has given chase to the boats, which only found security by fleeing to shoal water or to shore.

After evading the civilized whaler and his instruments of destruction, or suffering from wounds received while in their southern haunts, these migratory animals begin their northern journey. The mother, with her young, grown to half the size of maturity, but wanting in strength, make the best of their way along the shores, avoiding the rough sea by passing between or near the rocks and islets that stud the points and capes. But scarcely have they quitted their southern homes before they are surprised by the Indians about the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands. Like enemies in ambush, they glide in canoes from island, bluff, or bay, rushing upon them with whoop and yell, lanching their instruments of torture into them, like hounds worrying the last life-blood from their vitals, and then trains of canoes tow the captured ones to shore in triumph. The whalers among the Indians of the North-west Coast are those who delight in the height of adventure, and likewise in becoming worthy of the greatest consideration among their fellows. The one among them that could boast of killing a whale, formerly had the most exalted mark of honor conferred upon him by a cut across the nose; but the custom is no longer observed.

The whaling-canoe is thirty-five feet in length. Eight men make the crew,

each wielding a paddle five and a half feet long. The whaling-craft consists of harpoons, lines, lances, and seal-skin buoys, all of their own workmanship. The cutting material of both lance and spear was formerly the thick part of a muscle-shell, or that of the aulon, and the line made from cedar withes, twisted into a three-strand rope. The buoys are fancifully painted, but those belonging to each boat have a distinguishing mark. The lance-pole, or harpoon-staff, made of the heavy wood of the yew-tree, is eighteen feet long, weighing as many pounds, and with the lance attached is truly a formidable weapon, reminding one of the staff of Goliath's spear.

Their whaling-grounds are limited, as the Indian rarely ventures seaward far out of sight of the smoke from his cabin by day, or beyond the view of the bonfires at night. The number of canoes engaged in these expeditions is from two to five, the crews being from among the chosen men of the tribe, who, with silent stroke, can paddle the symmetrical *canim* close to the rippling water beside the animal; the bowman then, with sure aim, thrusts the harpoon into it, and heaves the line and buoys clear of the canoe. The worried creature may dive deeply, yet there is but little time when the inflated seal-skins are not visible. The instant they are seen, a buoy is elevated on a pole from the nearest canoe, by way of signal; then all dash, with shout and grunt, toward the object of pursuit. Now the chase attains the highest pitch of excitement, for each boat being provided with implements alike, in order to entitle it to a full share of the prize its crew must lodge their harpoon in the animal, with buoys attached; so that, after the first attack is made, the strife that ensues to be next to throw the spear creates a scene of brawl and agility peculiar to these savage adventurers. At length the victim,

becoming weakened by loss of blood, yields to a system of torture characteristic of its eager pursuers, and eventually spouting its last blood from a lacerated heart, it writhes in convulsions and expires. Then the whole fleet of canoes assist in towing it to the shore, where a division is made, and all the inhabitants of the village greedily feed upon the fat and flesh till their appetites are satisfied. After the feast, what oil may be extracted from the remains is put in skins or bladders, and is an article of traffic with neighboring tribes or the White traders that occasionally visit them.

This *whale of passage*, when arrived among the scattered flocks of the Arctic Ocean, is rarely pursued by the whale-ship's boats: hence they rest in some degree of security; but even there, the watchful Esquimaux steal upon them, and to their primitive weapons and rude processes the whale at last succumbs, and supplies food and substance for its captors.

The Esquimaux whaling-boat, although to all appearance simple in its construction, will be found, after careful investigation, to be admirably adapted to the purpose, as well as for all other uses necessity demands. It is not only used to accomplish this, the most important undertaking, but in it they hunt the walrus, shoot game, and make their long summer-voyages about the coast, up the deep bays and long rivers, where they traffic with the interior tribes. When prepared for whaling, the boat is cleared of all passengers and useless incumbrance, nothing being allowed but the whaling-gear. Eight picked men make the crew. Their boats are twenty-five to thirty feet long, and are flat on the bottom, with flaring sides and tapering ends. The framework is of wood, lashed together with the fibres of *baleen* and thongs of walrus-hide, the latter article being the covering, or planking, to the boat. The implements are one or more harpoons,

made of ivory, with a point of slate-stone or iron; a boat-mast, that serves the triple purpose of spreading the sail and furnishing the staff for the harpoon and lance; a large knife, and eight paddles. The knife lashed to the mast constitutes the lance.

The boat being in readiness, the chase begins. As soon as the whale is seen and its course ascertained, all get behind it: not a word is spoken, nor will they take notice of a passing ship or boat, when once excited in the chase. All is silent and motionless till the spout is seen, when, instantly, all paddle toward it. The spouting over, every paddle is raised; again the spout is seen or heard through the fog, and again they spring to their paddles. In this manner the animal is approached near enough to throw the harpoon, when all shout at the top of their voices. This is said to have the effect of checking the animal's way through the water, till the spear is planted in its body, with line and buoys attached. The chase continues in this wise till a number of weapons are firmly fixed, causing the animal much effort to get under water, and still more to remain down; so it soon rises again, and is attacked with renewed vigor. It is an acknowledged right, with these simple natives, for the man that first effectually throws his harpoon, to command the whole party: accordingly, as soon as the animal becomes much exhausted, his *baidarra* is paddled near, and with surprising quickness he cuts a hole in its side sufficiently large to admit the knife and mast to which it is attached; then follows a course of cutting and piercing till death ensues, after which the treasure is towed to the beach in front of their huts, where it is divided, each member of the party receiving two "slabs of bone," and a like proportion of the blubber and entrails; the owners of the canoes claiming what remains.

The choice pieces for a dainty repast, with them, are the flukes, lips, and fins. The oil is a great article of trade with the interior tribes of "reindeer men:" it is sold in skins of fifteen gallons each, a skin of oil being the price of a reindeer. The entrails are made into a kind of sauce, by pickling them in a liquid extracted from a root that imparts an acrid taste: this preparation is a savory dish, as well as a preventive of the scurvy. The lean flesh supplies food for their dogs, the whole troop of the village gathering about the carcass, fighting, feasting, and howling, as only sledgedogs can.

Many of the marked habits of the California gray are widely different from those of any other species of *balæna*. It makes its regular migrations from the hot southern latitudes to beyond the Arctic Circle; and in its passages between the antipodes of climate it follows the general trend of an irregular coast so near that it is exposed to attack from the savage tribes inhabiting the seashores, who pass much of their time in the canoe, and make the capture of this singular wanderer a feat of the highest distinction. As it approaches the waters of the torrid zone, it presents an opportunity to the civilized whalers—at sea, along the shore, and in the lagoons—to practice their different modes of strategy, which hastens its annihilation. It manifests the greatest affection for its young, and seeks the sheltered estuaries lying under a tropical sun, as if to warm its offspring into activity and promote comfort, till grown to the size Nature demands for its first northern visit. When the parent animals are attacked, they show a degree of resistance and tenacity of life that distinguish them from all other cetaceans. Many an expert whaler has suffered in the encounter, and in frequent instances has paid the penalty with his life. Once captured, however, it yields the coveted

reward to its enemies, furnishing sustenance for the Esquimau whaler, from such parts as are of little value to others. The oil extracted from its fatty covering is exchanged with remote tribes, for their fur-clad animals, of which the flesh affords the venders a feast of the choicest food, and the skins form an indispensable article of clothing. The North-west Indians realize the same comparative benefit from the captured animal as do the Esquimaux, and look forward to its periodical passage through their circumscribed fishing-grounds as a season of exploits and profit.

The civilized whaler seeks the hunted

animal farther seaward, as, from year to year, it learns to shun the fatal shore. None of the species are so constantly and variously pursued as the one we have endeavored to describe; and the large bays and lagoons, where these animals once congregated, brought forth and nurtured their young, are now nearly deserted. Their mammoth bones lie bleaching on the shores of those silvery waters, and are scattered along the broken coasts, from Siberia to the Gulf of California; and ere long, may it not be that the California gray will be known only as one of the extinct species of the Pacific cetaceans?

C. M. SCAMMON.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Trusting a golden hour I set my sail
Where mellow winds prevail.
I was alone upon the waters wide;
No faithful spirit nestled at my side;
Strange currents beat against my shallop frail—
I could not stem the tide.

A hand invisible, but firm and bold,
My fixed helm controlled.
On, on I drifted to a glowing land
Wherein the air was fraught with odors bland;
The ripples slid in many a shining fold
Along the sloping sand.

Peace made her nest within a sheltered bower;
The forests were in flower:
And there I heard a voice, with heart elate,
A winning voice, prophetic, like a Fate—
A voice that blessed with me the happy hour
That bore me to my mate.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

A PHANTOM TRAGEDY.

AT twenty-one I was called upon to serve my term at soldiering, and was sent, with the Fusileers, to be stationed in the ancient city of S—, close by the sea. It was some ninety miles from my home; but I lived among pleasant surroundings, and had rented and furnished a neat little house for myself, as there were no barracks in S— at that time.

When the military manœuvres were over, early in autumn, I got a fortnight's furlough, and visited my parents; and when ready to leave them again, my mother took me aside to explain to me why my father had been more than usually irritable and excited. He had received an angry, reproachful letter from his eldest brother, who lived—as I now learned for the first time—somewhere in the vicinity of S—. My father had always been singularly reticent in regard to his early life and the history of the different members of his family; but mother told me on this occasion that they had disagreed at the division of property on the death of their father, and none of them had associated with this older brother since. Now, however, he had written to reproach my father for his neglect of him. I, fortunate youngster, was the only son in the entire remaining family, and it had been his intention, he wrote, to make me heir of all he possessed; since my father had so neglected him, however, he was in doubt about carrying out this project; had half determined to make a new will, and so forth. My father was angry with himself as well as with his brother; and mother, who was always mediator and referee between father and the children, said it was his wish that I should re-

ceive my uncle's advances—should he make any—kindly; but that I should make no advances to him. Her own private instructions were, that I should write to the old gentleman as soon as I returned to S—, and announce my visit to Rosenhagen, the estate on which he lived. "Though we are by no means poor," concluded my mother, "remember, Fritz, that you have three sisters who claim their share together with you, and your uncle possesses other estates besides Rosenhagen."

I promised to "remember;" to all other questions about this uncle of mine, mother could only reply that she knew nothing more of him, and I returned to S—. Here I engaged in the pursuit of my own pleasures when not on duty, and soon forgot uncle, Rosenhagen, and all. I had, on first returning to S—, made inquiries in regard to him, and was told that Rosenhagen was, indeed, a magnificent estate, but that the old man himself, at all times unsociable, had long withdrawn from the world, and nothing pleasant or agreeable for myself could grow out of an acquaintance with him.

One day, early in October, a letter was handed me, which proved to be from this redoubtable uncle, and held inclosed a handsome draft for me and a letter for my military commander. The letter to the Commandant contained a request that I, as the heir of an aged and infirm man, should be allowed to visit him at once, for life was but uncertain to him at the best. To me, he simply introduced himself, as it were, urging me to come at once with the bearer of the letter. This was an old iron-gray individual, half-huntsman, half-

coachman, who told me, unceremoniously, that he would start for home at one o'clock, and that his master expected me to-day. It was already eleven o'clock, and the chances of my getting furlough and "setting my house in order" in that space of time seemed highly problematical; but I accomplished it, and at one o'clock rode out of the city-gate behind the iron-gray servitor, on a plain, wooden wagon.

My mother had said the estate was some ten or twelve miles out from S—, but hour after hour passed without a sign of Rosenhagen greeting my eyes; it grew dusk, and still I could not see my inheritance. The road grew worse, so that the horses had hard work to draw the light wagon; we passed through moor and heath, the stunted remains of the forest becoming dimly visible in the light of the new moon. Pretty soon the moon went down, and the air grew so cold that in spite of the new-born affection for my venerated uncle, I could hardly help wishing myself back to my comfortable quarters in S—. I was hungry, too, and lonesome, and the old iron-gray head before me had never a word to say, except to its horses. At last my impatience got the better of me, and I asked, sharply, "Are we not near Rosenhagen yet?"

"Gee—ho!" said the ice-bear to his horses, giving them a smart cut with the whip: they were just drawing the vehicle up a short, steep ascent, which brought us out on level ground. I thought I heard a hollow roaring and rushing, as though the ocean were not far away; a quarter of an hour later the wheels of our wagon were crunching in the sand, and the sea rolled its waves till under the very hoofs of the horses.

"Rosenhagen"—said my companion, suddenly, in a deep, growling voice—"much good may it do you! Rosenhagen—there it is, off to the left"—pointing over the country, to where I

could see only a dark clump of trees. "That would be well enough; but the master has been living this long time in Dreshlott—the devil take it."

This last anathema, in the mouth of such people, I knew, meant nothing more than "a fine prospect for you."

"Is it still far off, your Dreshlott?" I ventured to ask again. But my coachman had now grown so averse to speaking that he would not even address his horses any more.

All at once dark masses, among which I thought I could see the glimmer of lights, arose in front of us, and the next minute we entered a—shall I say garden or park? It might have been both. Among groups of trees and clumps of shrubbery, neglected flower-beds were still to be seen. A smooth gravel-road carried us around a tall, dark building, and brought us to a deep, arched entrance-door. It was open, and a counterpart of my iron-gray coachman stood on the upper step, with a lantern in his hand.

"Did you bring him?" he called out bluntly to my driver.

"Guess so," was the laconic response.

"Then, please to alight, young gentleman; your uncle is becoming impatient."

I was but too glad to obey, and was led through halls and corridors, up stairways and down steps, till we finally reached an apartment from which a dazzling light was flashing, though the room was furnished in any thing but a gay or elegant manner. A hollow voice said, in a peculiarly wearied tone:

"Ah! there he is, after all. A hearty welcome to you, my child."

It was some time before I could accustom my eyes to the glaring light shed over the otherwise gloomy, though artistically arched apartment, by a great number of wax tapers. Twelve pilasters seemed to bear the weight of the groined ceiling, uniting in one pillar,

which shot up from the middle of the floor. It was evident that in former days this room had been the chapel; the one Gothic window, from which the heavy curtain had been drawn back, seemed also to speak for this. The wainscoting was of dark wood throughout, as were the few old-fashioned pieces of furniture in the room. The most singular feature about the place was a table, built around the centre-pillar, just as we see around trees in public gardens. Near this table, in a large arm-chair, sat a tall, gaunt man, of apparently fifty-six, in a plain, comfortable dressing-gown, with a soft rug drawn up over his knees. An open book lay on the table before him, and as his head was uncovered, I could see that only a few white hairs remained; but the heat in the room was so intense that no one need have felt any apprehension of taking cold, even without a covering for the head. The eyes alone were bright, almost youthful; his voice was still depressed and weary, as he said:

"Come nearer the light, my child, so that I can see you. Ah! well, I am satisfied. But where is your uniform? I understood you were in service?"

"We volunteers, who have but one year to serve, do not wear it on furlough."

"So, so;" still intently regarding me. "I don't understand these new arrangements; the Sternfelds never had much to do with the service. When does your term expire?"

"By Easter-day," was my reply.

"That is too long," he meditated, "too long. The estates will fall to you before that time."

The servant came to announce that supper was ready for me, but my uncle bade him spread the cloth on the table at his side, and dishes and wine were presently brought in. All this time he conversed pleasantly, though always in a tone as of great fatigue; and he even

made the attempt to raise himself and pour out the first glass of wine for me, but sank back with a groan.

"It won't do, Fritz. Pour the wine for yourself, and a little drop for me, too. I *will* drink a welcome to you, no matter what that fool of a Doctor says."

"Are you sick, uncle?" I asked.

"Sick? Well, yes; though while I could live in the open air I was always hearty. But since the gout has thrown me into this hole here, I feel my seventy-eight years weighing on me heavily."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Seventy-eight?"

"Yes, twenty years older than your father. My brother must have you declared of age very soon, for I do not want my estates to be without a master."

He broke off, and soon after bade me go to rest, as he knew I must be tired. In answer to his bell, the servant appeared.

"What rooms have been prepared for my nephew?" he inquired of him.

"The vine-leaf room and that with the leather wall-hangings," was the low reply.

My uncle raised himself with an angry, imperious air.

"How? You mean the picture-room and the room in the turret. Have you lost your senses?"

"The housekeeper said that none of the other rooms could be gotten in readiness so soon," answered the servant, humbly.

The old man sank back in his chair, exhausted. "It is true—Dreshlott has long stood deserted—and the rooms are all too large for the present generation. You must get through the night the best way you can, Fritz—to-morrow we will make different arrangements."

I had well noticed the peculiar manner in which the rooms assigned me had been spoken of, and on my way there I questioned the servant in regard

to them, hoping, in anticipation of a hearty laugh, to hear something about ghosts and apparitions. But the man only said, after some hesitation, that my uncle's great-grandfather had occupied these rooms in his life-time; that the castle had been unoccupied for fifty years after his death, and that they had always been held in veneration.

We had been traversing a narrow corridor for some time, going now a few steps up, then a few steps down, till at last we came to a stair-way, rising some eighteen or twenty steps, and landing in front of a large, high door. The room we entered was so large that the two tapers the servant carried lighted it but dimly. A freshly made bed stood against the back wall, near the door; to the right, in the background, was another door, leading into a smaller, circular apartment, the walls of which were painted with garlands of vine-leaves, and to the left, close to the first door, the man threw back the pressed-leather wall-hangings, disclosing a door that led to a kind of balcony, or lodge, from which one could look down into an endlessly large hall. "That is the King's Hall—King Charles Gustavus of Sweden once feasted and danced here," the servant informed me, dropping the hangings over the closed door again. "There are no other entrances to these rooms, young gentleman—though there is no lack of masked entrances and secret passages in Dreshlott. There is no other room occupied in this part of the building, but a pull at the bell by your bed will bring immediate attendance, day or night. A restful night to you, sir."

Tired though I was, I took a survey of the rooms, and found that the first was a large apartment, with two windows at the north; the walls clothed with antique leather hangings, which were made fast, except where they covered the door to the little box, or lodge. High up on the walls hung a number of large pict-

ures—family portraits—of the last two centuries, in faded gold frames; underneath stood heavy furniture, dating from the same period. The second was a turret-room, which had apparently been used sometimes as a sleeping or dressing-room, sometimes as a study. A massive, carved writing-table was there, as well as two large wardrobes, or clothes-presses; and in the wall was a deep niche, which looked as though a bed might formerly have found its place there. The only window of this handsome apartment looked to the east, and when I opened it I thought I could recognize parts of the garden or park through which we had passed. The roar of the sea fell distinctly on my ear.

Locking the outer door, I sought my bed, which I did not leave till roused by a loud knocking at my door, late the next morning. It was the servant, who announced that he had come to serve breakfast, as the huntsmen and hounds were ready for a chase, and the day one of the finest. My uncle would receive me at noon.

When I was led to his room, he was again seated by the round table, reading. But there were three windows in the room now: two of these were not closed, but *hidden*, at night, through an ingenious arrangement of the wainscoting. I found, altogether, that the old servant's information in regard to the secret inlets and outlets in Dreshlott was quite correct. A second displacement of the wainscoting revealed my uncle's bed-chamber; and still another part being pushed aside, permitted of my uncle's chair being rolled through a massive doorway into a little dining-room, from where, through a likewise masked door, one could pass immediately into the library, without encountering any of the numberless steps and stairs over which the way to these apartments led, through the corridors. In my uncle's room I found, besides the furnace-like heat of

the night before, a chandelier with three wax-tapers burning, all day long; and when I asked the reason for this, he said that it was the fashion in former days to have a taper burning in a gentleman's house all day long, by which to light the pipe.

"But—how did you sleep, Fritz? The rooms are rather exposed, and the wind blew hard, all night long: were you disturbed—shall we change your rooms to-day?"

"By no means!" I protested. "I am delighted with my rooms."

"You must inspect the King's Hall, some day," my uncle advised me; "there is stucco-work in it, such as you seldom find at the present day." And the subject was dropped.

I was delighted with my rooms; there was an air of comfort and quiet within their antique-looking walls which could not be found in any other part of the rambling, tumble-down building. The pictures in the "leather-room" (they represented only the male portion of my ancestors) interested me greatly—particularly that of a gentleman in a court-costume of gold-embroidered coat and pale-violet nether-garments. Not even the ridiculous Allonge-wig could entirely mar the contours of this fine head and expressive face; and when I spoke of it enthusiastically to my uncle, he said:

"It is my great-grandfather; the picture was painted in 1680—in Paris, whither he had gone with our embassy. He also married there—a St. Ange; you will find her picture in the King's Hall."

The picture was there—the face delicate and handsome, yet somewhat bold in its expression. Besides hers, there were many, many others; the stucco-work was not only beautiful, but well preserved, and the hall itself was magnificent in size and appointments, though the dust and mold of centuries seemed to lie over all. With great satisfaction

I always returned to my own rooms, where I spent hours looking out of the different windows. From the picture-room I could overlook garden and park. Great, ancient trees stood close to the walls, and in their shade the ivy grew more luxuriantly, throwing a green mantle over the crumbling ruins. The garden had been laid out in the stiff, French style; and though it had run wild in the course of nearly a century, the remains of a fountain were still in the midst of it, and an avenue of linden led from it directly to the ruins of a pavilion—in its time undoubtedly a most charming retreat. Immediately back of it, the forest-trees grouped themselves more closely, while some stood so near that when in foliage, their shadow must have concealed door and window of the summer-house. The roof had fallen in, but the door facing the linden-avenue, and the shutters on the windows, still remained fast; likewise the little back-gate leading into the forest. From the turret-room I could see another part of the garden. The low wall, inclosing the garden, was visible from here, and beyond it were the strand and the wide, open sea.

I had been in Dreshlott a week, when my uncle one evening dismissed me earlier than usual, because he suffered great pain; and he seemed more gloomy than I had yet known him to be. I made this remark to the old servant, who, as usual, lighted me to my rooms.

"Yes, yes, young gentleman; he's worse than I've seen him for many a day, and if it comes to-night for the third time——" He checked himself in evident confusion, but his words had awakened my curiosity, and I asked him:

"What do you mean, Franz?"

"Oh—nothing; I was only speaking of the bad turns my master has had; I meant if they should come again——"

"But why don't you send for a physician, if he has dangerous attacks?"

Franz shrugged his shoulders. "He'll never come here again; my master threw him out, the last time, and told him never to enter the place any more. And master has forbidden to send for any other."

As I have said, it was earlier than usual when I retired to my rooms, so I lighted my pipe and walked about; stopping, now to look out at one window or the other on the moonlit landscape below, then in front of the picture representing my ancestor with the Allongewig. I admired that picture with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth—the magnificent head, the nobility of the face, and the fresh, untarnished coloring of the whole. Considerable time must have passed in this way, for when I had finished my pipe and got ready to open the casement for the admission of fresh air, I heard the old castle-clock strike eleven. I stepped to the window in the picture-room, intending to throw it open, when my eyes fell on the figure of a tall, slender man, passing with swift steps along the garden-walks. I saw face and figure plainly, and seemed to recognize the features, though I could not for the world have said whose face it was, or to whom it bore any resemblance. He was dressed in a fashion long out of date—wearing a coat of apparently green color, dark nether-clothes, and high boots. In his hand, on which fell a deep lace-cuff, was a gun, and a short sabre hung by his side.

For a moment I gazed in surprise. The figure must have just stepped from one of the doors of the castle; but who was it that dared to play such a masquerade-trick here? The man continued walking; now, crossing the shrubbery, he was lost to sight a moment, then he appeared again, walking toward the pavilion with rapid steps. Throwing open the window, I called aloud, "Halt! who goes there?" But the man's steps were not checked; and, as

he neared the pavilion, I followed him with my eyes, and saw, to my astonishment, that it was light as day there. I could see plainly that one of the shutters was thrown open, and some one moved quickly back from the window as the elegantly dressed hunter entered the door. My patience was exhausted.

"I'll drive you from the premises quick enough," said I, "and teach you better manners." With that I turned toward the turret-room, to get my gun, which was leaning against some piece of furniture, close to the door. The door, which I had left wide open, was now drawn to, though I did not observe this at first. Pulling it open with one hand, I stretched out the other to grasp my gun; when I started back so suddenly that I dropped my pipe to the floor, and came very near falling beside it. The turret-room, too, was light, like the pavilion, as with the light of day, and at the writing-table sat the courtier in the gold-broidered coat and Allongewig—my ancestor—as though he had just stepped from the frame of his picture in the picture-room. He was not in Court costume now, however, but wore a plain, dark hunting-dress. He was writing; and now, without raising his head, he lifted his right hand, holding the pen, as though to ward off all interruption; then he fell to writing again. I had grasped my gun at the same moment that I had pulled the door open, and I now felt, with some satisfaction, that it was still in my hand. Drawing back, I mechanically cocked both triggers, which called forth another gesture of impatience from the cavalier at the writing-table.

To the best of my knowledge, I was neither superstitious nor deficient in courage; but I must own to a chilly sensation between my shoulder-blades, at that particular time, and a gradual uprising of every hair under my cap. Was this "the third time" Franz had

spoken of? I tried to move, but something held me there, my eyes fixed on the face of the writer at the table. And now I could account for the familiar look which the face of that other cavalier, in the garden, had borne; he resembled this one, as though they were brothers. Suddenly, I heard a low knock behind me; the cavalier started and turned, looking past me as though I were empty air. His face no longer bore the serene expression that the picture gave, but looked grave and careworn. The knocking was repeated, and when I turned my head in the direction from whence it came, I saw that the wall-hanging by the window had parted, and a gray-headed huntsman entered the apartment, walking close by me, and stooping to whisper something in the ear of the gentleman. The effect was terrible. He sprang up so violently that the chair was overturned, and every lineament of his face was distorted with rage for a moment; then he pressed both hands to his eyes, and a second later it had grown rigid with a look of cold, hard determination. Taking hat, gauntlets, and gun from a table in the background, he stepped through the secret passage, followed by the huntsman.

The wall-hanging fell back in its place, the light vanished from the room, and my two tapers alone shed their dim beams on the surroundings. Once more I could move: I sprang to the place where the two figures had disappeared, but the hangings were fast to the wall and uninjured; I sprang to the outer door, then to the lodge, or balcony, but both doors were locked and the keys inside. I turned to the window, and there, in the garden, close to the house, stood the cavalier, motioning back the old huntsman with an imperious wave of the hand. Then he took nearly the same road that the other cavalier had followed; and, though he paused once or twice, and raised his hand to his forehead, he

continued steadily till he reached the linden-avenue. Here I lost sight of him.

Breathlessly I listened, but heard nothing save the beating of my own heart, and the moaning of the sea afar off. I leaned out of the window, and saw that the shutter on the pavilion-window was closed again, and the building looked ghostly in its quiet and silence. Suddenly, a shot rang through the still night, and a piercing scream followed it almost immediately, echoing shrilly through the air. A figure, closely muffled, but unmistakably that of a female, darted from the little door at the back of the pavilion, and sped on toward the forest, where I could catch a glimpse of her, now and again, as she fled swiftly through the trees. Soon she was out of sight, and I leaned against the window almost exhausted, when I perceived a lady advancing from the left, on a path that led directly to the castle. She had the face of the French woman my ancestor had married—the St. Ange, whose portrait hung in the King's Hall—and it was the veiled figure that had fled from the pavilion to the forest, a little before. She was not veiled now, but in a rich hunting costume, with heavy plumes waving from her hat. Down the linden-avenue came the cavalier whom I had first seen here: the gun was no longer in his hand, but he held the sabre, which he quickly thrust back into his belt when he beheld the lady. Near the shrubbery they met, bowed to each other ceremoniously, and the lady, after shrinking almost imperceptibly from his hand, leaned her arm on it, and together they approached the castle with leisurely, stately steps.

But there was something else to attract my attention now. From behind the pavilion, out of the forest, came four peasants in old-fashioned dress, bearing between them a closely covered body; but I felt that I knew the face under the concealing cloth, and I understood the

tragedy that had been enacted under my eyes—a domestic tragedy, of the saddest and darkest.

I started. The castle clock was striking—close to my head, it seemed to me. I counted four strokes, and then I heard a loud knock at my door. Had I been sitting here in my chair all this time? The knocking was repeated, and I arose to open the door, noting casually that my gun was standing by me in the window-niche. Long before midnight had ceased striking, I had opened the door. Franz was standing outside, a candle in his hand.

"Come with me, young gentleman—he is going." His eyes rested on me with a half-inquiring look.

"Was that 'the third time,' Franz?" I asked, as we followed the winding corridors.

"You are still undressed, young gentleman? Ah! then you heard the shot?"

"More than that, Franz: I saw it all. But let us hasten," I added, quickening my steps.

"It is useless," was his answer. "He will be gone when we get there. There was neither sorrow nor concern in his voice; but he had said truly—we came too late.

In my uncle's room was the usual flood of light; the usual degree of heat; and he sat in his chair—dead—an expression of sternness, almost hatred, fixed on his face. A servant stood by his chair—he who had first brought me here—and he said to Franz: "Just on the stroke of twelve." Messengers had already been sent for the physician and the counselor of the family.

I tried hard to fathom the mystery of the night. Had I dreamed it all, or not? In my room I found my pipe on the floor, broken, at the entrance to the turret-room; and my gun had been beside me in the window-niche when Franz called me. From this very reticent person I could learn only this: That, ac-

cording to an old tradition, the death of the lord of Dreshlott was always foretold by a funeral-train, or something like it, being seen to approach the castle. Just before the appearance of this procession, a shot was heard; on the third repetition of this visit, with the stroke of twelve at midnight, the lord of Dreshlott closed his eyes in death.

I told the counselor of my experience, but he laughed in my face.

"I hope you don't believe in ghosts: you dreamed all that stuff. Still, it is strange that you dreamed about things of which you could know nothing. The cavalier of your dream—whose portrait hangs in the picture-room—and the beautiful St. Ange—whose picture hangs in the King's Hall—lived unhappily together. From the papers of the counselor of the family at that time, I learn that on the very day when the Baron Frederick was murdered, he had been engaged in making his testament, withdrawing the right of inheritance to his estates from his wife, the St. Ange. He was found dead in the forest by some peasants, who brought his corpse here to Dreshlott. The day had been devoted to the chase, and there were those who did not scruple to say that his own brother had shot him. By the way," he continued, looking past me, out at the window, "did you never hear of a brother of your father's, just older than this uncle of yours?"

"My father never spoke of his family. I was not even aware of the existence of this brother of his, till within the last few weeks. But what of this older brother?"

"O—nothing. At least, I know nothing of him. You are aware that your uncle and his family formerly lived in Rosenhagen? Well, this older brother passed much of his time with them there. He went out into the forest one day in September to hunt, and never returned. Your aunt died soon after; and when your uncle's only child died, too, he

came to Dreshlott to live. Among the people it was mooted that the old tragedy of Dreshlott had been acted over at Rosenhagen, with the sole difference that here the lover had been the victim instead of the husband. I know nothing of the truth of these reports; but it was certainly odd that your uncle should have left the pleasant, cheerful Rosenhagen, to live in the dark, haunted ruins of

Dreshlott. It was almost as odd as the singular dread he had of being left in the dark—a dread which led to his living in a blaze of wax-tapers, by day and night."

By some accident, Dreshlott was destroyed by fire, before my uncle's body had fallen to dust, and I disposed of the land and took up my abode at Rosenhagen.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

GRAVE-YARD LITERATURE.

DID it ever occur to you that you would one day require an epitaph?—that not far in the future you would be known to the world only by the inscription upon your tombstone?—that you, rich as you are, wise as you may be, esteemed for this, and renowned for that, good or bad, shall one day be summed up, and the amount chiselled down in a single line upon a marble slab? And did you ever give a thought as to what that epitaph shall be? Do not shudder at the thought, for such a time shall surely come, and we may as well select our epitaphs to-day as leave the task to, mayhap, stranger hands.

When you were wandering among the narrow streets of some city of the dead, reading the names upon its marble fronts, and the inscriptions beneath, like so many signs in a city of the living, what were your thoughts? As you passed from one house to another, did you not think that the inscriptions were introductions of the dwellers in another world to the dwellers in this? Or did it seem to you like some great library, to which each one contributes a stone volume whereon are written all the virtues of all mankind? Or, if you were rather cynical than sentimental, did you regard them as labels denoting the ownership and quality of the dust beneath? Or, if you

were rather critical than sentimental, did it occur to you that those epitaphs, inscriptions, stone volumes, or labels, both in execution and design, were most egregiously bad? Did you ever study them, ponder upon them, and attempt to classify them? Perhaps you have; probably you have not. Doubtless you have sauntered along, wondering a little, sympathizing a little, instructed a little, amused a great deal, dropping a tear here, an exclamation there, and laughing almost everywhere. With the same feelings, ready to praise, admire, sympathize, censure, laugh, or cry, we set out for a ramble among epitaphs.

What constitutes an epitaph, it would be difficult to decide; the critics disagree, and the extreme characteristics of the epitaphial writings of any two centuries widely differ. In their popular sense at the present day, they mean any tombstone inscription containing a sentiment. Their origin may have been coeval with picture-writing: it was probably anterior to it. The term is derived from two Greek words, signifying "upon" and a "mound," or a "hillock." It was, therefore, in the first instance, unquestionably, a rude stone-pillar, rudely erected upon a rude mound, in commemoration of some event—it may have been the death of a friend. A desire to

perpetuate a memory of the departed would be sure to gratify itself in the ability to do so; and we may be sure that the first rude emblem to which an extraneous meaning attached, was rudely carved upon the rude pillar. Thus epitaphs had their origin; since when they have had a certain progress, differing so essentially in every age from the age preceding that one skilled in deciphering them can readily assign them to the age to which they belonged, until now they form a separate branch of literature—still rude and uncultivated, it is true, but showing hopeful signs of progress.

Whatever may have been their first object, they soon came to be used in a variety of ways and for a variety of purposes. For this reason they may be variously classified: thus, we may have, first, the religious epitaph, and its converse, the irreligious; second, prose and poetry; third, the terse and the diffuse; fourth, the true and the false; fifth, the grave and the gay; sixth, the narrative, the historical, and the eulogistic; seventh, the appropriate and the inappropriate; eighth, the devotional, admonitory, denunciatory, and consolatory; and so on to an almost endless extent.

The motives which have prompted them have been not less various: one has written his own from love of self, and one from love of his fellow-man; a Christian has breathed here his last prayer, and the scoffer uttered here his last scoff; here the punster has made his last pun, and the wit recorded his last witticism; they have been prompted by hope, love, fear, hate, revenge, humor, and remorse, and hence they breathe forth every sentiment and passion incident to the human heart.

The first thing in the cemetery which attracts our attention is the great multitude of stones bearing the same inscriptions. According to the size of the cemetery, from a score to a hundred and

more may be found on which is inscribed:

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,
For the end of that man is peace."

Lone Mountain has a score of them. A still more common one, because of the greater number of infants' graves, is the following:

"Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,
He called thee home, He thought it best."

The form of the above is varied to the extreme limit of literary permutation, the sentiment remaining the same.

A third, applicable alike to every age and to each sex, is yet more frequent. It seems to have been for a long time extremely popular. This favor arises, no doubt, from two causes: the smooth jingle of its poetic feet and its paradoxical sentiment. There is something in it mysterious, and the human heart dearly loves a mystery. Here is one of its forms:

"Weep not for me, my parents dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here."

This is varied to the extent of double-and-twisted compound permutation. In the place of parents may be substituted father, mother, brother, sister, children, husband, daughter, darling, or any other word of two syllables; it has been transposed so that every word, except "for" and "but," has been used as a termination of the couplet. In instances of large grief, and in cases where the perception has been so dull that the sublime original has not been fully understood or appreciated, it has been joined to two other lines of various import and appropriateness. It has, however, done much good in its way: it has checked such innumerable fountains of grief; it has been so healing a balm to so many lacerated hearts; it has dried up so many floods of tears, and diffused such a feeling of boundless satisfaction and consolation through so many mourners' souls, that we speak of it with religious

awe. Let us hope that its unknown author reposes beneath something as grand.

But a more frequent culmination is the famous Latin inscription:

"Requiescat in pace,"

and its contortionated English translations. It is *the* epitaph of Catholics. Standing in the midst of one of their cemeteries, one beholds before him, behind him, and on either hand, "May I, thou, you, he, she, it, and they, rest in peace." It is in the indicative, potential, subjunctive, imperative, and infinitive moods; in the declarative, interrogative, and exclamatory forms; it is chiseled in marble, painted with the brush, and, in extreme poverty, roughly penciled upon some way-side slab which has been made to perform this pious duty. It is not going out of our province to note that from the above we derive one of our most expressive slangs: where the grave-stone has been too narrow, and where the purchasers have been too poor to pay for the cutting of the whole inscription, only the initial letters — R. I. P.—have been carved. What boy, upon reading it, would not say, "Well, let her rip?" and Cuthbert Bede relates that he once heard an unlearned man reading it upon the headstone of an enemy, ejaculate, "Well, he was an old rip, anyhow."

One naturally wonders how so many have become so fashionable. Said an old tombstone sculptor: "There is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; and so I always recommend them in preference to any new-fangled ones. *And somehow they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and shrink to fit a small one.*" Another may be found in almost any stone-cutter's shop. There you may behold long rows of finished stones—finished except as to name, time, place of birth, time, place of death, age, and the

interesting item, who paid for the memorial. The purchaser has only to walk along until one is found with an epitaph pleasing to his fancy; if the size and filigree work also suit, a bargain is soon concluded; if they do not, he has only to look a little farther and find all of his requirements combined.

Very trite are most of them: little of novelty, little of interest, do *we* discover in them. "But, when we ridicule their triteness," most beautifully says Hawthorne, "we forget that sorrow reads far deeper in them than we can, and finds a profound and individual purport in what seems so vague and inexpressive, unless interpreted by her. She makes the epitaph anew, though the self-same words may have served for a thousand graves." We would not open anew the wounds which time and these have healed, but we would refine the taste of those who are yet to plant these memorials, for true sorrow and good diction are not inseparable.

A second feature of attraction is the entire disregard paid to all the rules of composition and grammar. Capital letters and punctuation-marks seem to have been shaken out of a pepper-box, having been used wherever the fancy of each workman dictated, not where required. The tombstone lapidary is generally an uneducated man, and his literary attainments, either of prose or poetry, have, at one time or other, been inscribed on granite, slate, or marble; and it would be difficult to find five-and-twenty epitaphs which have not been left to his skill, taste, and ignorance. It is not unusual, upon these monuments of stupidity and ignorance, to find deeply engraved the manufacturer's name and place of business—an enduring advertisement of a lack of early advantages. This, on a splendid monument at Lone Mountain, erected to the memory of the Purser of the *Brother Jonathan*, is illustrative, and requires no comment:

"Like life the Sea was false and hid
the cold dark rock from sight,
She struck! a cry of dark despair
The waves rolled o'er his head, He is gone.
Down, Deep. Ah! he, rises, He floats, He is
coming, He is here, His Soul."

The above is bad enough; but, all things considered, the following is worse. In the south-east corner of the cemetery, the first monument to be found has upon one side the name, age, and nativity of —. Upon a second side is inscribed:

"The first Agent of the
American Tract Society
on this coast; a *Pioneer*
in the interests of Religion
Temperance; Charity and
Good Morals; and a promoter
of the organization and labors
of many leading associations
for the advancement of the
Public Welfare."

Upon a third side we read:

"The Board of Education and citizens of San Francisco unite in erecting this monument to his memory as the Founder of Common Schools in this City and State; and as the first Superintendent of Common Schools in San Francisco."

The lack of elegance in the above is accounted for in the fact that the deceased was the school-master of the Board, and had gone abroad before it was composed.

Again, in the same cemetery we may read:

"Oh we miss them, sadly miss them
And we drop a silent tear
As our thoughts with them wander
Them we ever loved so dear."

And near by:

"His body lies in the deep
Till Gabriels trump shall sound
Yet God will raise it *up*
With ours *beneath* the ground."

And, as we descend the western slope of the cemetery:

"She lived unknown and few could know
When Fanny ceased to be.
But she is in her Grave, and Oh!
The difference to me."

"Wery likely," 'Sam Weller' would
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say. Such are not peculiar to Lone Mountain. In a certain portion of our country, the following is common:

"Him shall never come back to we
But us shall surely go to he."

At Shiloh, Pennsylvania, the memory of a dead soldier is thus preserved from oblivion:

"John D. L— was born March the 26th 1839 in the town of West Dresden, State of New York, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In La Pointe, Michigan:

"This stone was erected to the memory of J— D— who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives."

In England:

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicols who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived he would have been buried here."

Another:

"Under this sod lies John Round
Who was lost at sea and never found."

Montrose, 1757:

"Here lies the Bodeys of GEORGE YOUNG and ISABEL GUTHRIE and all their posterity for more than fifty years backwards."

To which the next is very like:

"Sacred to the Memory of Charley and Varley
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy."

The next is from Connecticut:

"Death conquers all
both young and old
tho ever so wise discreet and bold
in helth and strength this youth did die
in a Moment without one cry
Killed by a Cart."

Near the roadside in the Catholic cemetery of San Francisco is inscribed upon a plain, white marble slab:

"A loving mother and brother dear.
A sincere friend here lies
Buried."

Which? And within the radius of a few feet, the following half-dozen:

"Beneath this slab there lies a man
That won the love of many;
But the Almighty God so good and
Kind left him not long to any."

"I am happy but you are sad
I rest in heaven to guide your bed."

"I have run enough,
I'll run no more."

"O call my brother back to me,
I can not play alone;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarreling ne'er should come."

"Blessed are the homesick
For they shall get home."

"Blessed are the dead."

"Glory to God."

At Lone Mountain, the following,
"erected by his wife:"

"He left this world of care and strife,
To lead above a happier life."

Do we not hope that he has not been disappointed? But many are ludicrous, without being absurd. It is not always the subject-matter which gives to wit and humor its charms. It is greatly enhanced by the time and place. In the grave-yard and in the church, where only solemn subjects, solemnly treated, are expected, any thing slightly funny occurring makes a much stronger impression upon our perceptions of the ludicrous than would the same incident elsewhere, and under other circumstances. This is because the mind is wholly unprepared for it. The following, by a husband upon his wife's tomb, is a good illustration:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

On a husband and wife:

"Their warfare is accomplished."

And the following:

"Her blooming cheeks were no defence
Against the scarlet fever;
In five days time she was cut down
To be with Christ forever."

About the year 1600, the practice of punning grew into frequency, and lasted for a century or more, since when it has fortunately nearly died out. The specimens are numerous, but the following are sufficient to show the humor of their age:

"Here lies Thomas Huddlestone: Reader dont smile
But reflect as this tombstone you view
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you."

Upon an organist named Merideth:

"Here lies one blown out of breath
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth."

John More:

"Hic jacet plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et nonplus, quomodo sic?"

Upon a smuggler killed by the excise officers:

"Here I lies
Killed by xii."

William Button's epitaph:

"O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into button holes?"

On Dr. William Cole:

"And when the latter trump of heaven shall blow,
Cole now raked up in ashes, thou shalt glow."

On William Bird:

"One charming Bird to Paradise has flown."

John Potter:

"Alack and well a day.
Potter himself is turned to clay."

There is no boundary to the ridiculous conceits displayed in epitaphs. An extensive progeny is thus handed down:

Ann Jennings:

"Some have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of twenty one."

Woman, always a subject of satire, has not been forgotten:

"Beneath this stone lies Katherine my wife,
In death my comfort, and my plague through life;
Oh! Liberty!—but, soft! I must not boast
She'll haunt me else by jingo, with her ghost.
PATRICK LEARY."

It is hoped that the following, from Maine, was successful:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. Random who died Aug. the 6th 1800. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted aged only 24 and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street in this village."

The *cacoethes loquendi* has also been remembered:

"Here lies returned to clay,
Miss Arabella Young;
Who on the 1st of May,
Began to hold her tongue."

The following is by Burns, on a hen-pecked country Squire:

"As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman."

Enough like the foregoing to fill a small volume might be given, but the following is a good one for the last under this head:

"To the Memory of Mary Mum:
Silence is Wisdom."

The various professions have not been forgotten, either in sarcasm or sentiment; but one of a kind must suffice:

On Sir John Strange:

"Here lies an honest lawyer, that is Strange!"

On an editor:

"Here *lies* an editor."

On an apprenticed printer:

"The devil is dead."

On a doctor:

"Gone to practice where he can not kill."

On a school-master:

"These are my Holydays."

On a waiter:

"He is gone, he could wait no longer."

The famous ones on Benjamin Franklin, the printer, and George Routledge, the watchmaker, are so well known as not to need repeating.

They are not all bad: a few are touchingly beautiful. What could be finer than the following:

"The Human Form
Respected for its honesty
and known for forty three years
under the appellation of
* * * * *
Began to dissolve
(and the date)."

Or this:

"He will be raised and finished by his Creator at the last day."

Or this one:

"Erected to the memory of a Christian Mother."

And another:

"At Rest."

These, these are epitaphs which speak to our souls; they calm our spirits, chasten our thoughts, purify and elevate our aspirations; these are gentle, dignified, eloquent: they please our feelings, if they do not assuage our griefs.

It has been said that "the writer of an epitaph is not upon oath:" this may be true, though where could a declaration be more solemnly made?—and if there is to be a day in the distant future when our words shall be adjudged, will not God affirm or deny their truth, truly? Whether upon oath or no, how becoming to them is truth! We instinctively hate a lie, however frivolous; how much more so upon serious subjects, and with our thoughts upon Death and Eternity. All our nature rebels at the idea of a lie under circumstances so solemn.

"He tried all he could, to do something good,
But never succeeded,"

arrests our attention and excites our commiseration, when we turn with disgust from "The perfect man," "The exemplary Christian," and "A saint in Heaven." Equally abhorrent, equally out of place, is all levity, all irony, all hyperbole. There should be nothing in the cemetery to distract our thoughts or call off our attention from things serious; it should be made a place for sober contemplation, rather than as it now is, a place of amusement.

At the present day, grave-yard literature is restricted mostly to the middle and poorer classes of society; as a rule, elegant tombstones and costly sepulchres bear no inscriptions; the demands of our grief are in a measure satisfied with a certain amount of display, and a lavish expenditure of wealth is not "so common," nor "so plebeian," as a lavish use of words.

In preparing an epitaph, one thing more should be remembered; which is, that true and genuine sorrow is never loquacious. Like deep waters which flow stillest, so deep sorrow bears no ruffles or eddies upon its bosom. Its surface is broken by no ripples or rapids: it moves onward, straight onward, in a constantly widening, deepening channel, and pours its volume into the great Hereafter. No gaudy coffin, splendid monument, or "affectionate tribute," can stay its course. They will not make amends for a remorseful Past; nor will they cast the mantle of oblivion over any regretted word or action.

W. N. GRANGER.

A NEW VIEW OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE condition of the laborer in California, being fraught with danger to the State, and prognostic of any thing but happiness or prosperity to himself, is well worthy the attention of statesmen and philanthropists. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, the laborers look upon many of the laws and customs of the State with a feeling of dislike, which, if they themselves are to be believed, may at any moment culminate in acts of open hostility to the Government. Knowing the condition of the laborer, we need not be surprised at his discontent; but that he has so many grounds for discontent, creates astonishment. To see him toiling along the dusty highway, penniless, weary, and foot-sore, begging a ride from the teamsters, begging a meal of victuals from the farmers, none would suppose him a denizen of a State advertised over the world for the extent and fertility of a soil to be obtained there for nothing! Having no permanent residence, making no enduring friends, coming daily into contact with strangers whose only object is to make the most out of him and then turn him adrift, it is not a matter of much surprise that his vices attain the highest development; that his virtues become dimmed, and finally extinguished. How often, not only his virtue, but his reason too, becomes a wreck, let the records of our State Prison and Lunatic Asylum answer.

Nor can it be said that his material, any more than his moral and mental condition, is in a very satisfactory state. That for the acquisition of wealth California offers facilities superior to most places, and that her citizens are by no means deficient in energy, are well-known facts; yet perhaps in no other State in the Union has such a large proportion of the population reached the age of forty years without founding a home or making any provision for old age. With such opportunities of being rich, happy, and virtuous, how is it that we have so much poverty, misery, and crime? I will here endeavor to point out a few of the causes of such unexpected results, and suggest some measures for removing them.

In California, as well as in other countries, the poverty of the laborer is the fruitful source of innumerable evils. But why is he so poor? Partly owing to the extravagant habits engendered by the abundance of gold and the high rate of wages in the earlier days of the State; partly owing to the delusive hopes created in his breast by heartless demagogues, and partly owing to his ignorance of the resources of the country. The laborer came here, in the first instance, to seek gold, and, next, to earn

wages. Few thought of founding homes; almost every one sought a fortune, with the intention of returning whence he came. Fortunes can not now be secured in a few years, but comfortable homes can be acquired as easily as ever. Unfortunately, the laborer does not endeavor to grasp what is within his reach, but wastes his energies in seeking to attain results beyond his power. In many instances, his condition is rendered worse, and the obstacles in the way of his improvement are increased, by the fact that he has a vote. Were it not for this, he would hear some wholesome truths when addressed by men of a wider range of information than himself. As it is, every demagogue who requires his vote takes care to flatter, rather than to advise; or, when advice is given, it is such as tends to chain him more closely to his silly prejudices, unthrifty habits, and delusive expectations. In no country in the world can it be more truly said than in California—

"How few of all the ills which men endure
That kings or laws can cause or cure;"

yet the laborer loses no small part of his time in beseeching the Government to do something for him which is not advisable, or which could be done more readily by his own exertions. Every year, he wastes both time and money in seeking the repeal of laws, some of which have been too recently established, by a large majority, to be rescinded for many years to come, while others are the result of circumstances which, as long as we lay any claim to honesty, must be manfully met.

There are two institutions in California—the Immigration Society and the Labor Exchange—which have done much toward promoting the welfare of the laborer. Notwithstanding all the benefits conferred on the State by the former of these associations, perhaps it would be better if its labors were more closely confined to the redress of evils at home.

That California should double her population in a given time is not, as many seem to think, what she most requires. Better that she should have half a million happy, prosperous, intelligent, law-abiding citizens, than two millions having in their midst poverty, ignorance, and crime. Even admitting that it is most desirable to increase our population as much as possible, it is questionable whether the best way to secure that end is to seek all over the world for immigrants, while so many grounds for dissatisfaction exist among a large portion of the present population. The paid agents of the Immigration Society may loudly proclaim that a fortune awaits every enterprising farmer in California; but their hearers can not fail to obtain testimony from other sources, equally trustworthy, but totally in opposition to the theories of the Immigration agents. Every one who reads California newspapers must learn that we import butter, cheese, bacon, etc., to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars annually; every one of these readers must learn that during last winter and spring thousands of our able-bodied laborers were clamoring for work, at any price, but could not obtain it. Either of these facts, taken by itself, would be damaging to the reputation of California as a grazing and agricultural State; take both of them together, and they are likely to create a prejudice against her which can be removed only by counter-evidence equally tangible and reliable. The letter of a poor laborer to his friends in Europe may not have such a number of readers as the circulars of the Immigration Society; but being read by persons who are acquainted with the writer, it would have more weight. There are thousands of such writers, daily sending to their friends at home information tending to neutralize the efforts of the Immigration agents. If, however, we could alter the circumstances of these

men, so as to render them hopeful with regard to their future prospects, every one of them would become a most efficient immigration agent. The best way to do this is to assist them in obtaining farms.

The Immigration Society, then, instead of devoting all their energies to the introduction of settlers from abroad, should use more exertion in finding homes for the laborers of the State. The information to be obtained from the Society, though of great value to the settler who has a fair amount of capital, is too vague to be of any use to the laborer who has only a few hundred dollars with which to commence operations. The knowledge of the Society is accurate enough with regard to the price and locality of land belonging to private individuals, but such land is beyond the laborer's reach. With regard to Government land, the Society can only tell the settler that in certain counties there is vacant land adapted to certain purposes. The Society can give no information as to the precise locality of the land, the supply of wood and water, or any of those minor details which would assist in determining the settler's choice. Besides, when the settler arrives on the ground he can not tell which is vacant land. The survey-marks, always poorly executed, soon become obliterated. *Vaqueros*, in order to throw more obstacles in the way of the settler, amuse themselves by lassoing the survey-stakes and pulling them out of the ground. In most places, the old settlers—generally graziers, with a good many cattle—are unwilling to give any information to new arrivals, as the land, while it belongs to Government, is occupied by their own stock. Again, a man may proceed to the land-office, and, while representing himself to be the agent of men desirous of pre-empting land, file on a quarter-section in the name of each of them. Filing on land costs only \$3 for each

quarter-section, and enables the settler to hold the land for thirty days, at the expiration of which time he must commence to put up improvements. The graziers, however, have no intention of making improvements. Their object is only to mislead *bona fide* settlers. When a stranger goes to the land-office and finds that certain quarter-sections have been filed on, never thinking that it was not done by *bona fide* settlers, never thinking that this land is still open to pre-emption, he directs his inquiries to some other locality, only to meet with similar results. By such artifices a few stock-owners have often succeeded in retaining possession of a whole township for several years, until the Government, seeing that no person wished to pre-empt the land, gave instructions that it should be disposed of according to custom in such cases, by private entry, when, of course, it fell into the hands of the men whose manœuvres brought such a state of things to pass. It would take pages to describe the obstacles which strangers, especially if poor and ignorant, encounter in their search for homesteads. The result often is that after traveling, perhaps accompanied by his family, for several months, the settler gives up the search in disgust, goes to some other State, and declares to all his acquaintances that there is not an acre of good land unoccupied in California.

In order to remedy these evils, the Immigration Society should have an agent in every land-district in the State. The agent should be a practical surveyor, so as to be able to trace out the old survey lines; he should be a practical farmer, so as to be able to give correct information relative to the quality of the soil. In addition to these, the duty of the agent would be to examine minutely the ground in his district, and transmit to the Immigration Society an account of what he could learn relative to its re-

sources. Old settlers, knowing the impossibility of deceiving such an agent for any length of time, would not attempt it at all, but give him whatever information lay in their power. From them, and by examining the field-notes of the Government Surveyor, the agent could learn a good deal about the land, without having ever seen it; but, of course, his examination of the country should be made as carefully as his time would allow. Once in possession of the information which the agent could supply, the Immigration Society could tell those seeking homesteads exactly where to find them. He who is in search of a piece of land for farming, gardening, or dairying purposes, could learn the precise locality of the quarter-section best adapted to his wants; he could learn what facilities were in its neighborhood for building and fencing, for sending his produce to market, and for educating his children. The salary of a reliable and competent agent would be only the merest trifle, in comparison to the amount of money thus saved to the settlers. That toil, sickness, privation, and blighted hopes are generally the result of the settler's search for a homestead, is so well known, that many persons, sooner than seek for vacant land, buy land from private individuals for \$3 or \$4 an acre, though there may be in the same county Government land, equally valuable, to be had for nothing.

In possession of the most accurate information relative to the resources of the soil, the next step for the Immigration Society is to disseminate that information among the laborers. Extraordinary as the statement may appear, there are thousands in California ignorant of every thing connected with the Homestead Law. Indeed, many are unaware that such a law exists. The following anecdote will illustrate to what an extent this ignorance prevails:

A few years ago, I fell in with a par-

ty of surveyors who were running the boundary-line between two counties. They were all intelligent men, and some of them had, on several occasions, been elected by their fellow-citizens to fill important county offices. During our conversation, I happened to make a remark about the beneficial results of the Homestead Law. At first the drift of my observation was not understood, but when I explained that there was a law which enabled a citizen to become the owner of 160 acres of Government land, without paying for it, on condition that he resides on and improves it for five years, the laugh at my expense was long and boisterous. One individual said, "Well, you must be mighty green to suppose that Uncle Sam would give any one a farm of land for nothing." All my efforts to convince them of the truth of what I said were unavailing.

In all parts of the State, I have met men equally in the dark in this respect; and my impression is that among the laborers, to whom a knowledge of this law is most important, to find men acquainted with its provisions is the exception, not the rule. The difference between the Homestead and the Pre-emption Laws, though only trifling to those settlers who have a moderate capital, is of the greatest importance to the mere laborer who wishes to obtain a farm. Let him take up a quarter-section of land under the Pre-emption Law, and about twelve months after, he has to pay the Government \$200 for his land. A poor man in this time would not be able to fence his land, raise and send his crop to market; consequently, he would have less money at command than when he commenced farming. Under the Homestead Law, he pays for his quarter-section only about \$20 in fees and commission, and at the end of five years receives his patent, without further cost. Should he find it convenient, as a beginner most probably would, to seek wages during

these five years, the law allows him to remain away from his home for any period he desires; provided, it does not exceed six months at one time. With regard to improvements, the law is equally lenient. The poorest shanty capable of protecting him from the weather, is enough to satisfy the requirements of the law.

The officers in charge of the Labor Exchange, meeting so many laborers, are well situated to give them information on this point. Or a notice could be posted in a conspicuous position at the Labor Exchange, notifying the laborers that any one among them who had money could, by applying to the Immigration Society, obtain not only employment, but a safe and profitable investment for his capital. Among the thousands of laborers to be found idle every winter, are many with a capital varying from \$200 to \$500, which was saved from some lucky mining operation, or when wages were higher, but which grows smaller and smaller every day. These are the men who would be benefited by knowing where to find homesteads. Even the laborer that has only money enough to buy a month's provisions and build the cheapest cabin, should endeavor to secure a farm the first time he is out of employment. Among other advantages that would accrue to him through this step, he has a home of his own to which he can go when idle, and where he can support himself for \$2 or \$3 per week, while at the hotels he would have to pay thrice that sum. When in want of employment, he can much more readily obtain it from the richer settlers in his neighborhood than if he were a total stranger. During the last three years I have lived or traveled in half the counties of the State, and, although I have seen men out of employment in the busiest seasons, I have never seen a man with a house and land of his own who could

not get work from his richer neighbors whenever he desired. There is nothing strange in this. Much of the farmer's work requires to be done either by trustworthy men or under his own supervision. He can not superintend everything; the men who come to him in search of employment are not known to be trustworthy: hence he neglects many a piece of work to which he would attend under more favorable circumstances. It is quite natural that a farmer would be unwilling to place a man of whose antecedents he is wholly ignorant in charge of a team of horses, and send him on a journey which would keep him several days from home. For want of a trustworthy teamster, he fails to haul home lumber; for want of lumber, his land is, in many instances, neither fenced nor cultivated, though both might be done with profit. The man who goes from his own house to seek employment among his neighbors is always treated with more consideration than if he were a total stranger. The very fact of his taking up a homestead is, in itself, strong evidence of his industry and honesty of purpose. In addition to this moral guarantee, there is in his house and improvements, no matter how poor, a material guarantee that he will prove faithful to his trust. In the remote parts of the State, where land is to be still obtained, many of the settlers, although in affluent circumstances, are, owing to their distance from market, often without money. The laborer who has a home of his own in the neighborhood can afford to let his wages remain due for some time. Being known, he gets, and, therefore, can give trust. Sometimes the farmer finds it convenient to give, and the laborer convenient to receive, cattle or hogs instead of money; but if the laborer left the vicinity when out of employment, such an arrangement could not be made. Thus innumerable circumstances, many of them extremely trifling, unite in creat-

ing an important result: namely, that laborers residing on their own land can always get employment and fair wages from their richer neighbors.

By co-operation, a number of laborers could do much better than any of them could singly. The law does not allow them to become partners in the ownership of the land before receiving their patents for it; but they may enter into partnership for the purpose of improving it. Let us suppose four unmarried men, each of whom owns \$400, take up four contiguous quarter-sections of land under the Homestead Law. Their first step will be to purchase a team of horses and a wagon. One of them alone could not do this. Four good horses and a wagon can be bought for \$500. Having horses of their own, they can go to the saw-mill, and there obtain, at first cost, the lumber required for building and fencing. Of course they must be content with very humble dwellings; but for about \$150 each they can procure more comfortable quarters than those to which they are usually consigned when working for a farmer. In fact, they need build but one house deserving the name. They could all reside in this. Three cabins, to answer the requirements of the law, could be built on the three remaining quarter-sections. Many settlers, during the few first years they reside on their land, live in cabins that did not cost \$20 each. Four settlers, acting thus in unison, need not spend more than \$300 for building purposes. Lumber at the saw-mills usually costs only \$10 per thousand superficial feet, and the settlers could haul it home and build their houses themselves.

It may be assumed that during the first year two of them will be at work on the land, and the other two absent earning wages. Or they can all remain at home when times are dull, and look out for employment when wages are high. Their own work, building and fencing,

can be done as well at one season as at another. Assuming that two of them are always at home, fencing and improving their land, their expenses for board will be about \$6 weekly. A working horse requires each day about fifteen pounds of barley, worth a cent a pound, and twenty-five pounds of hay, worth \$10 per ton. Four horses, at this rate, will eat every week provisions worth \$7.70. The total cost of provisions for men and horses, say \$14, will be met by the earnings of the men who are at work for wages, thus enabling two of them to go on with their improvements without interruption.

Their next step will be to fence their land. A common fence, in California, is made by driving pickets into the ground and nailing a board along their tops. Two pickets to each lineal foot make an excellent fence, impassable to cattle or hogs. If the settlers take up their land in a square block, they have only four miles of fencing for the outside boundary. Allowing two pickets to the foot, 42,240 would be required. At \$9 per thousand pickets—the usual price paid at the saw-mills—they would cost about \$380; the boards to nail on the tops of the pickets would cost \$190, and nails about \$10, making the total cost of the material, for four miles of fencing, \$580. Lumber is scarce and dear in the southern part of the State, but it is not necessary to go there in search of land. In the middle and northern counties, both coast and inland, there is plenty of vacant land within a dozen miles of saw-mills. But supposing the settler has to go twenty or twenty-five miles for his lumber, he can bring home a load in two days. Five hundred pickets would be an ordinary load for a four-horse team. Hence there would be eighty-five loads of pickets, equal to 170 days' work; hauling home the boards would require about thirty days more. A man can point the ends of the pickets

at the rate of a thousand a day, and two men can put up this kind of fence at the rate of half a mile a week, if the ground is not very hard. As only one man would be required as teamster, the labor of the other would be more than equivalent to putting up the whole fence. With ordinary success, they could build a house and fence on all their land in one year. There would still be a few hundred dollars of their capital left, which might profitably be invested in cattle, hogs, or poultry, and thus reduce their board bill. In many instances they will find plenty of lumber for fencing purposes on their own land, and then, of course, their expenses would not be near so high. In other places a ditch and embankment could be profitably substituted for a picket-fence.

In those places where land is still vacant, farming, owing to the distance from market, will not be profitable for a few years. Most of this land is, however, adapted to grazing and fruit-growing purposes. I have the authority of graziers of twenty years' experience in California, for saying that among the land still vacant, there are hundreds of square miles, two acres of which will feed a cow throughout the whole year. But let us allow to each cow four acres, which, from my own experience, I know to be more than sufficient, and look at what has been achieved by these four settlers. The usual price paid for the grass of a cow in an inclosed pasture in California, is \$6 yearly. Since a two-year old heifer, ready to calve, sells in this State for \$50 or \$60, the price mentioned is not too much to pay for the grass. From this it will be seen that, if these men wish to let their 640 acres of land for grazing purposes, they can do so at an annual rent of about a thousand dollars. Instead of letting their land, they can do better still by retaining it. Having a large, well-fenced field, they will have no difficulty in get-

ting as many cattle as they can attend to on shares. The usual terms, in an arrangement of this kind, are, that the herders get half the butter and cheese, and half the increase of the cattle. Sheep can be obtained on similar terms. Among the various ways in which a fortune can be made in California, this getting sheep or cattle on shares is, for a poor man, the surest and most expeditious. Nor need the settlers confine their stock to their own land. In the spring and earlier part of the summer, grass is abundant everywhere. They could let their stock roam at large, and reserve their private property until the outside grass was consumed.

Hog-raising is another business to which the laborer might profitably turn his attention. The high price of pork; the rapidity with which hogs increase; the mildness of the climate, owing to which it is unnecessary to build houses for their shelter; and the abundance of wild food—such as grass, roots, acorns—combine to render this an extremely lucrative employment. In various parts of the State, especially in the thinly settled districts, large droves of hogs are fed, in the spring, on grass; in summer, as the water dries up in the lakes and sloughs, they find abundant food in the *tule* and other roots; and in the fall, by feeding on acorns, they become almost fat enough for the butcher. In fact, thousands are slaughtered annually without having ever eaten cultivated food. Increasing as they do at the rate of over a thousand per cent. yearly, a small amount of capital will suffice for this pursuit. There is no fear that the market for bacon and hams will soon be glutted. We still import these articles in large quantities from other parts of the State; and, in addition to supplying the home market, we could export to Australia. Bacon and hams are largely consumed there, after being imported at considerable expense from England.

But to return to our four settlers: In the course of a few years, a railroad would, in all probability, be built to the neighborhood of their land. They might then consider themselves independent. There is land still vacant almost equal for agricultural purposes to any occupied. It needs only a railroad in its vicinity to raise the price of it from \$1.25 per acre to \$30 per acre. With their land fenced, and they themselves known to be honest and industrious, they would easily obtain assistance from others. When desirous of cultivating their land, mechanics, professional men, and capitalists will advance them seed, tools, or any thing they may require, for a share in the crop.

Would the laborers respond to an offer to assist them in this manner? Of this there can be but little doubt; but the accurate mode of proceeding, and the advantages to be derived, must be clearly pointed out to them. Some of the best fruit-land in the State is so situated that a man may settle on it with less than \$100 capital, and yet not have

occasion to leave it in search of employment. The land to which I refer is well timbered, and the settler, when in want of money, has only to chop a few cords of fire-wood, for which he can find a ready sale, without moving it off the ground. When in want of food, he has only to turn to the brooks and lagoons around him for a plentiful supply of fish. Let him take his gun, and he will find both profit and amusement in bagging the various kinds of game, from quails to deer, that can be found wherever he directs his steps. But it is of no use to tell this to the laborer, unless you can tell him more. Unless he can obtain more precise information, he is not likely to believe this much. Even if he believed it, and set out in search of a homestead with the limited means at his command, he would not be likely to have much success. But let the Immigration Society adopt the measures suggested for obtaining and disseminating information relative to the resources of the soil, and not only the laborer, but the whole community, will be benefited thereby.

JOHN HAYES.

THE NIGHT-DANCERS OF WAIPIO.

THE afternoon sun was tinting the snowy crest of Mauna Kea, and folds of shadow were draping the seawashed eastern cliffs of Hawaii, as Felix and I endeavored to persuade our fagged steeds that they must go and live, or stay and die in the middle of a lava-trail by no means inviting. As we rode, we thought of the scandal that had so recently regaled our too willing ears: here it is, in a mild solution, to be taken with three parts of disbelief.

Two venerable and warm-hearted missionaries, whose good works seemed to have found dissimilar expression, equal-

ly effective I trust, found their specialties to be church-building.

Rev. Mr. A seemed to think the more the merrier, and his cunning little meeting-houses looked as though they had been baked in the lot, like a sheet of biscuits; while Rev. Mr. B condensed his efforts into the consummation of one resplendent edifice. Mr. A was always wondering why Mr. B should waste his money in a single church, while Mr. B was nonplused at seeing Mr. A break out in a rash of diminutive chapels. Well, Felix and I were riding northward up the coast, over dozens and dozens of

lovely ridges; through scores of deep gullies cushioned with ferns as high as our pommels, and fording numberless streams, white with froth and hurry, eagerly seeking the most exquisite valley in the Pacific, as some call it. We rode till we were tired out twenty times over; again and again we looked forward to the bit of Mardi-life we were about to experience in the vale of the Waipio, while now and then we passed one of Mr. A's pretty little churches. Once we were impatient enough to make inquiry of a native who was watching our progress with considerable emotion: there is always some one to watch you when you are wishing yourself at the North Pole. Our single spectator affected an air of gravity, and seemed quite interested as he said, "Go six or seven churches farther on that trail, and you'll come to Waipio." On we went with renewed spirits, for the churches were frequent, almost within sight of each other. But we faltered presently and lost our reckoning, they were so much alike. Again we asked our way of a solitary watcher on a hill-top, who had had his eye upon us ever since we rose above the rim of the third ridge back: he revealed to us the glad fact that we were only two churches from Paradise! How we tore over the rest of that straight-and-narrow way with the little life left to us, and came in finally all of a foam, fairly jumping the last mite of a chapel that hung upon the brink of the beautiful valley, like a swallow's nest! And down we dropped into fifty fathoms of the sweetest twilight imaginable; so sweet it seemed to have been born of a wilderness of the night-blooming cereus and fed forever on gossamer buds.

There were shelter and refreshment for two hungry souls, and we slid out of our saddles as though we had been boned expressly for a cannibal feast.

By this time the rosy flush on Mauna Kea had faded, and its superb brow was

pale with an unearthly pallor. "Come in," said the host; and he led us under the thatched gable, that was fragrant as new-mown hay. There we sat, "in," as he called it, though there was never a side to the concern thicker than a shadow.

A stream flowed noiselessly at our feet. Canoes drifted by us, with dusky and nude forms bowed over the paddles. Each occupant greeted us, being guests in the valley, just lifting their slumberous eyelids—masked batteries, that made Felix forget his danger; they seldom paused, but called back to us from the gathering darkness with inexpressibly tender, contralto voices.

Thereupon we were summoned to dinner in another apartment, screened with vines. The faint flicker of the tapers suggested that what breath of air might be stirring came from the mountain, and it brought with it a message from the orangery up the valley. "How will you take your oranges?" queried Felix; "in pulp, liquid, or perfume?"—and such a dense odor swept past us at the moment, I thought I had taken them in the triple forms. "You are just in time," said our host. "Why, what's up?" asked I. "The moon will be up presently, and after moonrise you shall see the *hula-hula*."

Felix desired to be enlightened as to the nature of the what-you-call-it, and was assured that it was worth seeing, and would require no explanatory chorus when its hour came.

It was at least a mile to the scene of action; a tortuous stream wound thither, navigable in spots, but from time to time the canoe would have to take to the banks for a short cut into deeper water.

"I can never get there," growled Felix; "I'm full of needles and pins"—to which the host responded by excusing himself for a few moments, leaving Felix and me alone. It was deathly still in

the valley, though a thousand crickets sang and the fish smacked their round mouths at the top of the water. Evening comes slowly in those beloved tropics, but it comes so satisfactorily that there is nothing left out.

A moonlight night is a continuous festival. The natives sing and dance till daybreak, making it all up by sleeping till the next twilight. Nothing is lost by this ingenious and admirable arrangement. Why should they sleep, when a night there has the very essence of five nights anywhere else, extracted and enriched with spices till it is so inspiring that the soul cries out in triumph, and the eyes couldn't sleep if they would?

At this period, enter to us the host, with several young, native girls, who seat themselves at our feet, clasping each a boot-leg encasing the extremities of Felix and myself.

Felix kicked violently and left the room with some embarrassment, and I appealed to the hospitable gentleman of the house, who was smiling somewhat audibly at our perplexity.

He assured me that if I would throw myself upon the mats in the corner, two of these maids would speedily relieve me of any bodily pain I might at that moment be suffering with.

I did so: the two proceeded as set down in the verbal prospectus; and whatever bodily pain I may have possessed at the beginning of the process speedily dwindled into insignificance by comparison with the tortures of my novel cure. Every limb had to be unjointed and set over again. Places were made for new joints, and I think the new joints were temporarily set in, for my arms and legs went into angles I had never before seen them in, nor have I since been able to assume those startling attitudes. The stomach was then kneaded like dough. The ribs were crushed down against the spine, and then forced out by well-directed blows in the back. The spinal column

was undoubtedly abstracted, and some mechanical substitute now does its best to help me through the world. The arms were tied in bow-knots behind, and the skull cracked like the shell of a hard-boiled egg, worked into shape again, and left to heal.

By this time I was unconscious, and for an hour my sleep promised to be eternal. I must have laid flat on the matting, without a curve in me, when Nature, taking pity, gradually let me rise and assume my own proportions, as though a little leaven had been mixed in my making over.

The awakening was like coming from a bath of the elements. I breathed to the tips of my toes. Perfumes penetrated me till I was saturated with them. I felt a thousand years younger; and, as I looked back upon the old life I seemed to have risen from, I thought of it much as a butterfly must think of his grub-hood, and was in the act of expanding my wings, when I saw Felix, just recovering, a few feet from me, apparently as ecstatic as myself. I never dared to ask him how he was reduced to submission, for I little imagined he could so far forget himself. There are some sudden and inexplicable revolutions in the affairs of humanity that should not be looked into too closely, because a chaotic chasm yawns between the old man and the new, which no one has ever yet explored. Felix sprang to his feet like Prometheus unbound, and embraced me with fervor, as one might after a hair-breadth escape, exclaiming, "Did you ever see any thing like it, Old Boy;" to which the Old Boy, thus familiarly addressed (O. B. is a pet monogram of mine, designed and frequently executed by Felix), responded, "There wasn't much to see, but my feelings were past expression." "What's its name?" asked Felix. "I think they call it *lomi-lomi*," said I. "Pass *lomi-lomi*," shouted Felix; and

then we both roared again, which summoned the host, who congratulated us and invited us to his canoe.

Felix again endeavored to fathom the mysteries of the *hula-hula*. Was it something to eat?—did they keep it tied in the day-time?—what was its color? etc., till the amused gentleman who was conducting us to an exhibition of the great Unknown, nearly capsized our absurdly narrow canoe in the very deepest part of the creek. Bands of fishermen and women passed us, wading breast-high in the water, beating it into a foam before them, and singing at the top of their voices as they drove the fish down stream into a broad net a few rods below. Grass-houses, half buried in foliage, lined the mossy banks; while the dusky groups of women and children, clustering about the smoldering flames that betokened the preparation of the evening meal, added not a little to the poetry of twilight in the tropics.

Felix thought he would like to turn Kanaka on the spot; so we beached the canoe, and approached the fire, built on a hollow stone under a tamarind-tree, and were at once offered the cleanest mat to sit on, and a calabash of *poi* for our refreshment. How to eat paste without a spoon, was the next question. The whole family volunteered to show us; drew up around the calabash in a hungry circle, and dipped in with a vengeance. Six right hands spread their first and second fingers like sign-boards pointing to a focus in the very centre of that *poi*-paste; six fists dove simultaneously, and were buried in the luscious mass. There was a spasmodic working in the elbows, an effort to come to the top, and in a moment the hands were lifted aloft in triumph, and seemed to be tracing half a dozen capital O's in the transparent air, during which manœuvre the mass of *poi* adhering to the fingers assumed fair proportions, resembling, to a remarkable degree, large, white swell-

ings; whereupon they were immediately conveyed to the several mouths, instinctively getting into the right one, and, having discharged freight, reappeared as good as ever, if not better than before.

"Disgusting!" gasped Felix, as he returned to the water-side. I thought him unreasonable in his harsh judgment, assuring him that our own flour was fingered as often before it came, at last, to our lips in the form of bread. "Moreover," I added, "this *poi* is glutinous: the moment a finger enters it, a thin coating adheres to the skin, and that finger may wander about the calabash all day without touching another particle of the substance. Therefore, six or sixteen fellows fingering in one dish for dinner are in reality safer than we, who eat steaks that have been mesmerized under the hands of the butcher and the cook."

Felix scorned to reply, but breathed a faint prayer for a safe return to Chicago, as we slid into the middle of the stream, and resumed our course.

The boughs of densely leaved trees reached out to one another across the water. We proceeded with more caution as the channel grew narrow; and pressing through a submerged thicket of reeds, we routed a flock of water-fowls that wheeled overhead on heavy wings, filling the valley with their clamor.

Two or three dogs barked sleepily off somewhere in the darkness, and the voice of some one calling floated to us as clear as a bird's note, though we knew it must be far away. We strode through a cane-field, its smoky plumes just tipped with moonlight, and saw the pinnacle of Mauna Kea, as spacious and splendid as the fairy pavilion that Nourgihan brought to Pari-Banou, illuminated as for a festival. To the left, a stream fell from the cliff, a ribbon of gauze fluttering noiselessly in the wind.

"O, look!" said Felix, who had yield-

ed again to the influences of Nature. Looking, I saw the moon resting upon the water for a moment, while the dew seemed actually to drip from her burnished disk. Again Felix exclaimed, or was on the point of exclaiming, when he checked himself in awe. I ran to him, and was silent with him, while we two stood worshiping one stately palm that rested its glorious head upon the glowing bosom of the moon, like the Virgin in her radiant aureola.

"Well," said our host, "supposing we get along!" We got along, by land and water, into a village in an orange-grove. There was a subdued murmur of many voices. I think the whole community would have burst out into a song of some sort at the slightest provocation. On we paced, in Indian-file, through narrow lanes, under the shining leaves. Pale blossoms rained down upon us, and the air was oppressively sweet. Groups of natives sat in the lanes, smoking and laughing. Lovers made love in the face of heaven, utterly unconscious of any human presence. Felix grew nervous, and proposed withdrawing; but whither, O Felix, in all these islands, wouldst thou hope to find love unrequited, or lovers shamefaced withal? Much Chicago hath made thee mad!

Through a wicket we passed, where a sentinel kept ward. Within the bamboo paling, a swarm of natives gathered about us, first questioning the nature of our visit, which having proved entirely satisfactory, we were welcomed in real earnest, and offered a mat in an inner room of a large house, rather superior to the average, and a disagreeable liquor—brewed of oranges, very intoxicating when not diluted, and therefore popular.

We were evidently the lions of the hour, for we sat in the centre of the first row of spectators who were gathered to witness the *hula-hula*. We reclined as gracefully as possible upon our mats, supported by plump pillows, stuffed with

dried ferns. Slender rushes—strung with *kukui*-nuts, about the size of chest-nuts, and very oily—were planted before us like foot-lights, which, being lifted at the top, burned slowly downward, till the whole were consumed, giving a good light for several hours.

The great mat upon the floor before us was the stage. On one side of it a half-dozen muscular fellows were squatted, with large calabashes headed with tightly drawn goat-skins. These were the drummers and singers, who could beat nimbly with their fingers, and sing the epics of their country, to the unceasing joy of all listeners. "It's an opera," shouted Felix, in a frenzy of delight at his discovery. A dozen performers entered, sitting in two lines, face to face—six women and six men. Each bore a long joint of bamboo, slit at one end like a broom. Then began a singularly intricate exercise, called *pi-ulu*. Taking a bamboo in one hand, they struck it in the palm of the other, on the shoulder, on the floor in front, to left and right; thrust it out before them, and were parried by the partners opposite; crossed it over and back, and turned in a thousand ways to a thousand metres, varied with chants and pauses. "Then it's a pantomime," added Felix, getting interested in the unusual skill displayed. For half an hour or more the thrashing of the bamboos was prolonged, while we were hopelessly confused in our endeavors to follow the barbarous harmony, which was never broken nor disturbed by the expert and tireless performers.

During the first rest, liquor was served in gourds. Part of the company withdrew to smoke, and the conversation became general and noisy. Felix was enthusiastic, and drank the health of some of the younger members of the *troupe*, who had offered him the gourd.

A rival company then repeated the *pi-ulu*, with some additions; the gourds were again filled and emptied. "Now

for the *hula-hula*," said the host, who had imbibed with Felix, though he reserved his enthusiasm for something less childish than *pi-ulu*. It is the national dance, taught to all children by their parents, but so difficult to excel in that the few who perfect themselves, can afford to travel on this one specialty.

There was a murmur of impatience, speedily checked and followed by a burst of applause, as a band of beautiful girls, covered with wreaths of flowers and vines, entered and seated themselves before us. While the musicians beat an introductory overture upon the tum-tums, the dancers proceeded to bind shells and scarfs about their wrists, turban-fashion. They sat in a line, facing us, a foot or two apart. The loose sleeves of their dresses were caught up at the shoulder, exposing arms of almost perfect symmetry, while their bare throats were scarcely hidden by the necklaces of jasmynes that coiled about them.

Then the leader of the band, who sat, gray-headed and wrinkled, at one end of the room, throwing back his head, uttered a long, wild, and shrill guttural—a sort of invocation to the goddess of the *hula-hula*. There had, no doubt, been some sort of sacrifice offered in the early part of the evening—such as a pig or a fowl—for the dance has a religious significance, and is attended by its appropriate ceremonies. When this clarion cry had ended, the dance began, all joining in with wonderfully accurate rhythm, the body swaying slowly backward and forward, to left and right; the arms tossing, or rather waving, in the air above the head, now beckoning some spirit of light, so tender and seductive were the emotions of the dancers, so graceful and free the movements of the wrists; now, in violence and fear, they seemed to repulse a host of devils that hovered invisibly about them.

The spectators watched and listened breathlessly, fascinated by the terrible

wildness of the song and the monotonous thrumming of the accompaniment. Presently the excitement increased. Swifter and more wildly the bare arms beat the air, embracing, as it were, the airy forms that haunted the dancers, who rose to their knees, and, with astonishing agility, caused the clumsy turbans about their loins to quiver with an undulatory motion, increasing or decreasing with the sentiment of the song and the enthusiasm of the spectators.

Felix wanted to know "how long they could keep that up and live?"

Till daybreak, as we found! There was a little resting-spell—a very little resting-spell, now and then—for the gourd's sake, or three whiffs at a pipe that would poison a White Man in ten minutes; and before we half expected it, or had a thought of urging the unflagging dancers to renew their marvelous gyrations, they were at it in terrible earnest.

From the floor to their knees, from their knees to their feet, now facing us, now turning from us, they spun and ambled, till the ear was deafened with cheers and boisterous, half-drunken, wholly passionate laughter.

The room whirled with the reeling dancers, who seemed encircled with living serpents in the act of swallowing big lumps of something from their throats clear to the tips of their tails, and the convulsions continued till the hysterical dancers staggered and fell to the floor, overcome by unutterable fatigue.

The sympathetic Felix fell with them, his head sinking under one of the rush candles, that must have burned into his brain had he been suffered to immolate himself at that inappropriate and unholy time and place. This was the forbidden dance still practiced in secret, though the law forbids it; and to the Hawaiian it is more beautiful, because more sensuous, than any thing else in the world.

I proposed departing at this stage of

the festival, but Felix said it was not practicable. He felt unwell, and suggested the efficacy of another attack of *lomi-lomi*.

A slight variation in the order of the dances followed. A young lover, seated in the centre of the room, beat a tattoo upon his calabash and sang a song of love. In a moment he was answered. Out of the darkness rose the sweet, shrill voice of the loved one. Nearer and nearer it approached; the voice rang clear and high, melodiously swelling upon the air. It must have been heard far off in the valley, it was so plaintive and penetrating. Secreted at first behind shawls hung in the corner of the room, some dramatic effect was produced by her entrance at the right moment. She enacted her part with graceful energy. To the regular and melancholy thrumming of the calabash, she sang her song of love. Yielding to her emotion, she did not hesitate to betray all, neither was he of the calabash slow to respond; and, scorning the charms of goat-skin and gourd, he sprang toward her in the madness of his soul, when she, having reached the climax of desperation, was hurried from the scene of her conquest amid whirlwinds of applause.

"It's a dance, that's what it is!" muttered Felix, as the audience began slowly to disperse. Leading him back to the canoe, we had the whole night's orgy reported to us in a very mixed and reiterative manner, as well as several attempts at illustrating the peculiarities of the performance, which came near to resulting in a watery grave for three, or an upset canoe, at any rate. Our host, to excuse any impropriety, for which he felt more or less responsible, said "it was so natural for them to be jolly under all circumstances, that when they have concluded to die, they make their P. P. C.'s with infinite grace, and then die on time."

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Of course they are jolly; and to prove it, I told Felix how the lepers, who had been banished to one little corner of the kingdom, and forbidden to leave there in the flesh, were as merry as the merriest, and once upon a time those decaying remnants of humanity actually gave a grand ball in their hospital. There was a general clearing out of disabled patients, and a brushing up of old finery, while the ball itself was *the* topic of conversation. Two or three young fellows, who had a few fingers left (they unjoint and drop off as the disease progresses), began to pick up a tune or two on bamboo flutes. Old, young, and middle-aged took a sly turn in some dark corner, getting their stiffened joints limber again.

Night came at last. The lamps flamed in the death-chamber of the lazaret-house. Many a rejoicing soul had fled from that foul spot, to flash its white wings in the eternal sunshine.

At an early hour the strange company assembled. The wheezing of voices no longer musical, the shuffling of half-paralyzed limbs over the bare floor, the melancholy droning of those bamboo flutes, and the wild sea moaning in the wild night, were the sweetest sounds that greeted them. And while the flutes piped dolorously to this unlovely spectacle, there was a rushing to and fro of unlovely figures; a bleeding, half-blind leper, seizing another of the accursed beings—snatching her, as it were, from the grave, in all her loathsome clay—dragged her into the bewildering maelstrom of the waltz.

Naturally excitable, heated with exertion, drunk with the very odors of death that pervaded the hall of revels, that mad crowd reeled through the hours of the *fête*. Satiated, at last, in the very bitterness of their unnatural gayety, they called for the *hula-hula* as a fitting close.

In that reeking atmosphere, heavy with the smoke of half-extinguished

lamps, they fed on the voluptuous *abandon* of the dancers till passion itself fainted with exhaustion.

"That was a dance of death, was it not, Felix?" Felix lay on his mat, sleeping heavily, and evidently unmindful of a single word I had uttered.

Our time was up at daybreak, and, with an endless deal of persuasion, Felix followed me out of the valley to the little chapel on the cliff. Our horses took a breath there, and so did we, bird's-eyeing the scene of the last night's orgy.

Who says it isn't a delicious spot—that deep, narrow, and secluded vale, walled by almost perpendicular cliffs, hung with green tapestries of ferns and vines; that slender stream, like a thread of silver, embroidering a carpet of Nature's richest pattern; that torrent, leap-

ing from the cliff into a garden of citrons; the sea sobbing at its mouth, while wary mariners, coasting in summer afternoons, catch glimpses of the tranquil and forbidden paradise, yet are heedless of all its beauty, and reckon not the rustling of the cane-fields, nor the voices of the charmers, because—because these are so common in that latitude that one grows naturally indifferent?

As for Felix, who talks in his sleep of the *hula-hula*, and insists that only by the *lomi-lomi* he shall be saved, he points a moral, though at present he is scarcely in a condition to adorn any tale whatever; and said moral I shall be glad to furnish, on application, to any sympathetic soul who has witnessed by proxy the unlawful revels of those night-dancers of Waipio.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE LOST FRIEND.

The night is gone, day followeth after night.
Be thou my day—I folded in thy light;
Love to love answers, where thy smile may be:
Wilt thou not smile on me?

Lo, far in heaven the orb of day is hung,
And with sweet sounds the leaves by zephyrs swung,
Leaf unto leaf replies; bee hums to bee:
Wilt thou not talk with me?

The pine-trees, crooning low, fling odors sweet;
The brook leaps by, some brighter brook to meet;
Bloom to bloom answers, fairer grows the lea:
Wilt thou not come with me?

What of the night? Night calleth for the stars;
The lilies sleep beneath the moonbeams' bars;
Star to star answers: I call thee to be
Moonbeam and star to me.

And what of song? The wind-harp swept at night,
One soul enchanted by some strange delight—
So sweet, so glad, so pure, as song may be:
Be thou a song to me.

Prince of the storm, fling out your banners gray,
 Lock out the stars that mock my lonely way;
 Yet not one fear, if I may wait by thee:
 Couldst thou not wait with me?

Ah me! my day, my star, my song is fled;
 The leaf, the bud, the tender bloom is dead,
 And only memory drifting back to me:
 Thou couldst not live for me.

C. H.

UNDER THE DRAGON'S FOOTSTOOL.

FIRST PAPER.—THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE WEST.

I AM encouraged by the interest recently manifested in the Chinese Question to believe that a narrative of my diplomatic experiences at the Court of Peking may not prove unacceptable to the public. If I fail to sustain certain delusions more generally prevalent in the United States than in China, it is not because I wish to oppose the orthodox sentiment, but because I am naturally disposed to see with my own eyes and judge with my own understanding.

While it is always pleasant and sometimes profitable to be on the side of the majority, the ungracious task of exposing a popular fallacy may, under certain circumstances, become a duty. I consider it so in the present case.

Never was the public mind better prepared for a new sensation than during the winter of 1867-8. The foreign market had apparently been exhausted of its novelties. Mr. Phineas Barnum was resting upon his laurels. The Japanese jugglers had completed their performances. Mr. George Francis Train was in prison. Another visit from the Prince of Wales was not anticipated. No new Kossuth was advertised; and no popular vent seemed available for the pent-up hospitality of a generous nation. The proceedings of Congress were farcical enough to be amusing, if not silly enough to be distressing; the Impeachment

Committees furnished employment for demagogues and gamblers, and the Committees of Investigation indulged in some vulgar buffoonery at the public expense; but the dull routine of party strife did not, on the whole, meet the requirements of the public appetite for theatrical displays and strange and startling situations. Great national movements were needed: worlds brought out of chaos and empires rescued from extinction.

In the midst of this depressing quietude, a thrilling rumor reached us: strange and doubtful at first, but soon swelling into a sublime diapason of exultant strains.

The ancient Empire of China had risen from its dead sleep of ages, brushed away the cobwebs from its eyes, yawned in dreary wonder at the mushroom growth of nations around it, and now, under the inspiration of a generous policy, was tapping at the doors of Christendom, and asking to be admitted into the cheerful family of adolescent Powers.

This unprecedented movement, fraught with such tremendous consequences to the whole civilized world, was due chiefly to the happy manner in which the relations between China and the United States had been managed. It was a gratifying tribute to American statesmanship. It was a practical demonstration of the hu-

manizing influence of American diplomacy and Confucian ethics. In the excess of friendship engendered by a policy of international equity, the Invisible Dragon of the Orient had, in the plenitude of his power, decreed that an Embassy should proceed to the West to cultivate and conserve amicable relations. The instructions were vague, but comprehensive. All things crooked or deflected were to be straightened, and Imperial anticipations were entertained that the world would greatly rejoice thereat.

Letters written in a spirit of admiration for the wisdom displayed in this stupendous movement, heralded the arrival of the Embassy on these shores. The files of the New York journals tell the story in language at once brilliant and captivating. Much that seems extravagant may doubtless be attributed to the indiscreet zeal of correspondents whose main object was to entertain the public. I believe that there was a very general hallucination even in China as to the facts. Of the origin of the Embassy, nearly all who assumed to speak of it were utterly ignorant; and of its object, none could form any but vague and delusive conjectures. Naturally enough the correspondence assumed the most attractive form. An Oriental glitter, wonderfully fascinating to an enthusiastic and chivalrous people, devoted to romance, pervaded it; Tartaric hordes swept the plains; spears flashed in the sunbeams; cross-bows twanged, gongs banged, and gorgeous flags and banners floated on the breeze—as in the days of the great Gengis-Khan. Rumors of princely salaries and sumptuous equipments cast an air of splendor over the Embassadorial *cortège*, in generous accord with the importance of the mission. Sometimes the descriptive flights seemed inspired by the credulous enthusiasm of Marco Polo; and sometimes by the wild dash and reckless exuberance of Ferdi-

nand Mendez Pinto. Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, and Interpreters; pipe-holders, cup-bearers, and head-shavers; cooks, coolies, and outrunners, formed but a feature in the *personnel* of the Embassy. It was in all respects worthy the sumptuous magnificence of the Dragon's throne, and was well calculated to produce a profound impression upon the outer barbarians.

Need I say how the Embassy was received in San Francisco? All sectional and political differences were forgotten, and a generous public united to honor the arrival of the Celestial Embassadors. A luxurious banquet was prepared for them; speeches were made by the most distinguished citizens of California. The Governor of the State, the Chief of the Military Department, the Mayor of the City, the Representatives of the Press and Pulpit did themselves immortal credit. The flights of eloquence and flourishes of rhetoric inspired by the novelty of the movement, and the brilliant destiny of mankind under American patronage, were alike remarkable and gratifying. No Greek or Roman orator of classic times could have risen to the metaphorical heights from which the Occident and the Orient were surveyed on that happy occasion.

Passing allusion was made to the object of the Mission.

We were told that it meant progress; meant commerce; meant peace; meant the unification of the whole human race; that China desired to come into warmer and more intimate relations with the West; desired to come into the brotherhood of nations.

I raise no question as to the sincerity of these representations. Men's minds are so differently constituted that it is impossible to determine how far a credulous and generous nature may be affected by sympathy, or to what extent the judgment may be perverted by the glamour of success. The facts alone have

a national value, and it is with them I propose to deal. Authentic expositions of policy, involving the welfare of nations, can not be ignored. As a basis for official action, they belong to history. No diplomatic representative can, during his term of service, be divested of his official character by extraneous circumstances. Mr. Reverdy Johnson was recalled from England not because he made convivial speeches to the British people, but because his speeches did not represent the temper of the United States Senate and the general sentiment of the North. It will appear, also, in the course of this narrative, that an American Minister to China may write or speak what he pleases, when or where he pleases, provided it be what the popular voice at home pleases. It need not necessarily be true, but it must be acceptable. No Minister who desires to retain his position, or the approval of his Government, is permitted to see any facts not expressly prepared by Providence under the supervision of the Department of State; entertain any opinions not indorsed and warranted by the party in power; or arrive at any conclusions which do not pander to the self-conceit or subserve the pecuniary interests of a sensational press, or the blind assumptions of an unreasoning public.

Addressed to a people surcharged with humanity and overflowing with brotherly love, mercurial and sympathetic, yearning to fold all mankind in a fraternal embrace, the affectionate assurances of regard given by the Embassy at San Francisco were received with acclamations of approval.

The *entrée* of the Mission was a success. Forth flashed the inspiring intelligence over the electric wires. Streams of champagne and sentiment had scarcely ceased to flow on the Pacific Coast, when the Atlantic States caught up the glorious hosanna of fraternity, and re-

echoed it over the length and breadth of the land. The press fairly reveled in revelations touching the civilization of China, and the customs and institutions of that hitherto unknown country. Twenty volumes of diplomatic correspondence had taught nothing. The writings of Trigault, Martinez, Semedo, Magaillans, Ripa, Le Comte, Du Halde; of Grosier, De Guignes, Staunton, Huc, and Morrison; of Gutzlaff, Davis, Barrow, Williams, and others, had failed to throw any light on the subject. For three centuries, the mushroom nations of the West had been laboring under a grand delusion. In their ignorance and arrogance, they imagined themselves equal, if not superior, to the Chinese—a people who, in the language of Mr. Caleb Cushing, “were highly cultivated, devoted to science, letters, art—*civilized in the best acceptance of the word*—when our forefathers were half-naked barbarians in the wilds of Britain or Germany.” And if the Chinese were civilized and, therefore, clothed when we were barbarians, running about in a partially nude state, what must they be now when we assume to be civilized? With coarse assurance, we claimed superiority over this cultivated and highly intellectual people!*

Possibly Mr. Cushing may have been inspired by the Embassadorial presence on this occasion; possibly he may have looked at the subject through festal glasses—not through those crystal spectacles of duty which had caused him, when Minister to China, to claim territorial rights, because of the “frenzied bigotry of the inhabitants, their brutal ignorance, the narrow-minded policy of their rulers, and the utter impossibility of Christian nations holding relations with them upon terms of equality.”†

It was fitting that “the representatives

* Mr. Cushing's speech at Boston.

† Mr. Cushing to Mr. Marcy.—*Dip. Correspondence*, 1846.

of a nation who cultivate the spiritual, as distinguished from the material man, should meet with sympathetic acclaim in the Athens of America." Had not Voltaire, the high-priest of Rationalism, demonstrated the superiority of Asiatic over European civilization; the elevating tendency of Paganism; the moral purity of Buddhism, Taouism, and Confucianism, compared with the depraved teachings of the Bible and the pernicious doctrines and debasing influences of Christianity? Well might we mend our manners, improve our morals, and perfect our political systems, by going to school to China!

Here was information in an authentic form: information for the million, indorsed and corroborated by our own orators and statesmen. We were no longer indebted to the musty records of Jesuit missionaries, or the prejudiced statements of travelers and sinologues for our knowledge of China. Governors and ex-Governors of States, Mayors of cities, Philosophers, Metaphysicians, Poets, and Editors of daily journals, came forward, teeming with knowledge, and revealed the true condition of the Celestial Empire.

Can it be wondered at that, thus heralded with trumpet-blasts of eloquence, the arrival of the Embassy in the East was hailed as the great event of modern times; that the newspapers were filled with worlds and empires, crash of matter, upheaval of nations, and universal regeneration; that corporations, penitentiaries, prisons, poor-houses, lunatic asylums, and institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb and for the reformation of inebriates, eagerly competed for the presence of their excellencies; the Embassadors from the Court of Pekin?

Every day some new movement was chronicled—some gorgeous display of silks and pigtails, fans and mandarin buttons, pictured with pen and pencil in

the illustrated journals, for the benefit of the public and the intellectual advancement of the rising generation.

When with glowing anticipations the Imperial Embassadors turned their faces toward the capital of our nation, they found railroad cars and all modern facilities for travel placed at their disposal. So soft and soothing was the motion, so soporific the music of brake and whistle, compared with that of the Tientsin carts and wheelbarrows, that scarcely had they awakened from a gentle slumber when they found themselves in Washington, six hundred *li* from New York! Carriages were in waiting to transport them to the sumptuous quarters provided for them by the Secretary of State. An accomplished literary gentleman belonging to the Department of State was at the *dépôt* to receive them. Mr. Secretary Seward saw with unerring sagacity that the whole affair, indescribably grotesque as it was, had the merit of novelty, and would soon become immensely popular. It was hinted that the most confidential relations existed between the Honorable Secretary and His Imperial Highness Prince Kung. Mr. Seward understood Prince Kung, and Prince Kung understood Mr. Seward.*

Twenty-four rooms having been secured at the Metropolitan Hotel, with the free use of parlors and kitchens, the Embassy graciously received the Secretary of State, who lost no time in paying his respects. Senators and Members of Congress performed a metaphorical *kotow*; and the admiring public hung about the halls, passage-ways, and private entrances.

Next in the order of events, the Embassadors visited the various Depart-

* See his letter read at the New York banquet. Mr. Seward, I understand, is now in China. The interview between him and Prince Kung will be an intellectual treat. Dr. Williams or Dr. Martin will probably give it to us in blank verse.

ments, where they were received with profound respect by Secretaries, Comptrollers, Auditors, and trembling clerks. Many thought it would be necessary to go through the ceremony of the *San-kwei-kin-kow*, or thrice kneeling and knocking the head nine times against the ground, but this was not insisted upon. Marvelous to the Oriental imagination was the spectacle at the Treasury Department. Several hundred bewitching females, under the charge of General Spinner, rushed from their desks and surrounded the dazzled and bewildered Mandarins, who had never seen such a display of gushing beauty, untrammelled by conventional prejudices, in all their experience at the city of Peking.

But the great event of the times was the introduction of the Embassy to the President of the United States. Mr. Secretary Seward, in virtue of his office, was supposed to have contrived all the diplomatic paraphernalia. It is even hinted that he had prepared the President's speech. Certainly that production bears the peculiar impress of his genius. The Embassy was fortunate in seeing the President at all. A most curious and impressive performance had just taken place at the other end of the Avenue, eminently suggestive of the superiority of republican over despotic institutions. It must have made a most favorable impression upon the minds of the Mandarins, for they avowed themselves much pleased to see the President.

Complimentary speeches were interchanged. The President welcomed China into the family of Christian nations; and expressed the hope that since such cordial relations had been established between the Occident and the Orient, the enlightened Chinese Government would give its countenance to the construction of the great interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Every body was enchanted. The world was

progressing with railroad speed, and Young America sat on top, waving the star-spangled banner, and shouting, in exultant tones, Hail Columbia!

Never since the days of Lafayette had such a reception been given in the halls of Congress as that which now greeted the Imperial Embassadors. Mr. Speaker Colfax covered himself with glory; and the President *pro tem.* of the Senate (Mr. Wade) made a speech notable for its ornate eloquence and exuberant felicity of diction.

But a treaty was necessary. The public clamored for some tangible results. The fraternal relations so happily established between the Dragon and the Eagle must be cemented according to international usage. So a new treaty was made—or rather new articles containing old principles were added to the old treaty. What mattered it that nobody understood the object or the meaning? Commonplace diplomacy could make commonplace treaties intelligible to the ordinary understanding; but it required very uncommon diplomacy to make a treaty which might mean any thing or nothing as occasion might require. The Senate of the United States, at all events, deserves credit for its boldness in passing such a treaty, for nobody will pretend to say that it had the slightest understanding of what it was doing. Well might the statesmen of Great Britain puzzle their brains over the mysterious pregnancy of these articles; well might they suspect some Yankee trickery; for it never once occurred to them that an intelligent Government could be guilty of a simple act of folly or stupidity.

Diplomacy has been explained as the art of concealing the truth. If there was any thing concealed in these Articles of the least practical value either to China or the United States, it was done with marvelous skill, for the fact has not yet been discovered.

The United States substantially accords to China all the rights, privileges, and immunities of a civilized Power, and promises not to interfere in the administration of its domestic affairs. This is at least gratifying to our self-love, if not to that of the Emperor of China. It would certainly be unfriendly to promise any thing else; but neither the necessity nor the advantage of such a promise is clearly shown. Had the United States promised to crush any foreign Power that pursued a different policy in China, some tangible results might be expected. The peculiar feature in the treaty is the spirit of self-abnegation manifested on our part. So long as we enjoy all the privileges, immunities, and concessions extorted by other Powers, it is both friendly and economical to concede perfect independence to China. Under the favored-nation clause, we are quite safe in promising any thing: it is always pleasant to be generous when it costs nothing. Besides, the doctrine of non-intervention is founded upon enduring principles of justice, and has the more important merit of being both popular and economical. Possibly the idea of the Chinese Embassadors was, to induce other Powers to enter into similar engagements; but this could scarcely have been seriously entertained on our part, since it would deprive us of all the advantages hitherto furnished us free of cost by other Governments. All foreign relations disturb the social and political systems of the Empire. The only remedy, therefore, would be in the withdrawal of intercourse; and to be of any avail to China, that would necessarily have to be unanimous on the part of foreign Powers. That the Senate of the United States, if it meant any thing, did not mean to restrict or withdraw intercourse, is clearly shown by the Fifth Article, which recognizes the inherent right of man to change his home and allegiance, and the advantage of free

migration and emigration from one country to another.* But the action of the Senate under the inspiration of the Chinese Embassy, and the action of the Senate two years later under the inspiration of an indignant protest from the Crispins of Massachusetts, require explanation. When the Senate declared that Chinese immigration should be encouraged, it did not mean that it should enter into competition with Caucasian labor upon equal terms in the State of Massachusetts. It only meant that it was worthy of encouragement so long as it was confined to the Pacific slope. It had no idea of pledging itself to sustain an invasion of the Atlantic States by seventy-five Chinese shoemakers. It opened its heart to the oppressed of all nations, and it welcomed China into the family of nations, but it did not mean to encourage Chinese industry to the detriment of our own, or the acquisition of the right of suffrage by immigrants from China who wished to settle in this country.

Perhaps the greatest gain to us, is, that China promises not to kidnap our citizens. Not that Chinese junks have been much in the habit of making speculative raids on the coast of California; but there is no telling what they might do, under the present improved system of intercourse. To make the reciprocity complete, China accords to us all the privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence, which the most favored nations are obliged to maintain in that Empire by force of arms; while we place the Chinese in our country on a par with the citizens and subjects of European nations, provided they do not enter into contracts to

* "It is our destiny under Providence to open up a nursery of freedom, equality, and progress for the initiation and profit of productive Europe on the East, and populous and wealthy Asia on the West."—*Governor Fenton's Address to the Chinese Embassy, New York, June 23, 1868.*

work for any particular length of time in North Adams or New York, in order to pay the expenses of their passage from China, or come in very great numbers, or claim the rights of citizenship after they come.*

Almost simultaneously with the treaty came those sumptuous banquets at New York and Boston, in which the bewildered Mandarins were submerged in rivers of wine, wit, and sentiment. I refer to them as evidence of the extraordinary popularity of the Embassy. The great principles of international law and the sublime ethics of modern diplomacy were bandied like shuttlecocks around the hospitable board. Intellect, eloquence, wisdom, and philosophy were all represented at these gorgeous carnivals of civilization. Skillful reporters were always at hand; for, without them, who would know what had happened? There, in all the resplendency of their fame, were the Fentons, and the Hoffmans, and the Evarts, and the Fields, and the Greeleys; there, in loving brotherhood, were the Sumners, and the Cushings, and the Holmes, and the Emersons, and the Whipples!

The walls of China had been leveled by one touch of the wand of natural fraternity; and that great Empire, so long standing aloof in grim isolation, was now here conquering us by conquering our prejudices, enlarging the boundary of our sympathies, and realizing to us anew that all nations are of one blood.†

* "Would it not be wise for our statesmen to examine with care, foresee as far as Heaven has permitted men to pierce the future, what the result and where the end we shall reach by the importation, by contract or purchase, of laboring men from any land; and more than all that, from a semi-barbarous one; men who are to be tasked laborers only forever, and who are therefore not men, but merchandise. Shall we wait until the system of contract labor has taken as deep root in our soil as that other system of servile labor had done, before we foresee and check the evil?"—General B. F. Butler, *Fourth of July speech at Woodstock, Conn.*, 1870.

† Mr. Putnam's speech at New York.

What, after all, was the difference between a Chinaman and a Caucasian? One was externally white, and the other yellow; one wore a beard, the other a pigtail; one smoked cigars, the other smoked opium; one believed in God, the other believed in many devils; both believed in making money, and neither could claim precedence in the art of lying. If there was any difference, it was merely external, and was rather in favor of the Chinaman than the Caucasian. His personal beauty, if less accordant with the standard of the ancient Greeks than ours, was more clearly defined, and could be more easily recognized at a distance.

Ample justice was done to the memory of that unfortunate Boston lunatic, who, assuming that the earth revolved daily on its axis, proposed to go to China by going up in a balloon and waiting till China came round, then letting off the gas and dropping gently down; for had not this grand conception been realized? Had not China come round to us?*

Sentiments so enlightened, and so accordant with the prevailing spirit of philanthropy, could not fail to meet with universal concurrence. Lord Macaulay has well described those periodical fits of virtue with which his countrymen are prone to be seized. A victim must be immolated; the moral sense of the community demands a sacrifice; some unhappy sinner is dragged forth to expiate his crimes upon the altar of national virtue. With less barbarism, the American public is given to periodical fits of philanthropy. Some alien race must be worshiped; some dingy and bedizened hero must be exalted; some frantic pean to humanity must be thundered into the ears of an admiring populace. Panting after the bloodiest struggle recorded in the pages of history, we lift our voices

* Mr. Whipple's speech at the Boston banquet

in holy horror and denounce the brutal policy of force. We cry aloud that all civilization maintained by the sword is barbarism; we tender peaceful sentiments and sympathetic offerings to the imperial magnates who enslave three hundred millions of our fellow-beings!

Not for us, an enlightened people, is it to follow the brutal policy of England. While that domineering power batters down walls with powder and ball, we level them by a magic touch of fraternity. Behold the reward of virtue! China comes to us offering us her trade, her inventions, her schools, her civilization, her sympathy, her friendship.

No marvel was it that poets chronicled the triumphs of American diplomacy—that all Europe stood agape at the result; for did not now—

"Nevada's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta-Siue-Shan,
And Erie blend its waters blue
With the waves of Tung-ting-hu,
And deep Missouri lend its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-ho?"*

Who could predict the consequences of such fundamental changes in the configuration of the earth?—Mountains, rivers, and seas dancing madly through the universe to the enlivening air of Yankee Doodle!

Even Beauty and Innocence paid homage to the native emissaries of the Imperial Dragon; they were ogled, and flattered, and flirted with, in a manner that must have gratified their vanity if it did not move their hearts; and the sentiments expressed on many a festive occasion were smelted through the glowing crucibles of fancy into treasures of amatory verse. Sometimes the gushing spirit of song took a comprehensive and allegorical turn, and the nations of the earth were arrayed against each other in generous rivalry.

"Come," said Albion, girding her armor on—

(Great Isle of the Sea,
Over whose children the great sun never goes down),
"Smile first on me!"

"Come to me!" said sunny-featured France
Across the waters;
"Let thy children's almond eyes first glance
On my sons and daughters!"

* * * * *

"But she—the youngest of them all—she, too, had heard,

With beating heart;

She, too, looked longing, but uttered not a word,
Sitting apart.

"Slow she arises—the Celestial Land—

At her sister's call:

With timid mien, she stretches forth her hand
To the youngest of them all!"*

When the astonished Embassadors left the shores of America, on their pilgrimage through Europe, many a generous wish was wafted after them; for in good truth they were a pleasant set of gentlemen, and had acquitted themselves with wonderful tact. Never was popular applause better merited: they had afforded a vast amount of amusement without the least sacrifice of personal dignity.

Vague rumors of their triumphant reception across the waters reached us in due season; hints by telegraph and otherwise of the abject manner in which the British Lion drew in his claws, and the benignant smiles with which he greeted the unwonted display; confidential revelations showing how the Emperor of the French rejoiced in the diversion of public sentiment from Bourses and Mexican war debts and electoral privileges, to Mandarin buttons and Dragon tails; culminating in a vivid picture of the great Parisian banquet. Who does not remember it? Seldom had such a gorgeous entertainment been enjoyed by the French public. It was a novelty in the annals of diplomacy. Wit, wisdom, and philosophy occupied the first floor; rank, fashion, and etiquette the second; while the third was dedicated to Cupid—that wayward little divinity, so dangerous to youth and beauty—that cunning boy,

* Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the Boston banquet.

* *Harper's Magazine.*

whose darts create a strange and mingled feeling—

"Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing."

So it came to pass that the walls of China were leveled, not by brute force, but by modest diplomacy and winning ways; and so it was, that a policy mainly inspired by our distinguished Secretary of State captivated the nations of Christendom. While the great Canning had merely brought a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old, it was reserved for American statesmanship to bring an old world into existence to redress the balance of the new.*

Colossal shade of Maupertius! Great Earth-Flattener! Immortal hero, whom Carlyle describes as "a triumphant-looking man"—"finely complacent for the nonce"—"clothed in fine laces, cloth, and a goodish yellow wig"—"comfortably squeezing the meridians of the earth together:" where was he now, sublime philosopher, mighty Earth-Flattener! when the leveling of walls and the creation of worlds had become mere diplomatic pastime!

When the rumor became a certainty that his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, had conferred the honor of a diplomatic appointment upon an American citizen, it became necessary to fill the place thus vacated in the interest of civilization at the Court of Peking. Peculiar qualifications were needed for the position of American Minister. It required profound statesmanship and skillful diplomacy. The representative of American interests at that brilliant Court should be a man of imposing personal appearance, enlarged and liberal views, of profound research in ethical philosophy; but, above all, he should be thoroughly permeated with the new policy of conciliation. By intelligent co-opera-

tion alone could the great movement so auspiciously inaugurated be carried into effect, and the Empire of China be thrown open to American enterprise.

I regret to say that President Johnson did not feel under any obligation to defer to the wishes of the dominant party in the Senate. He failed to appreciate the exalted patriotism of those enlightened statesmen who assumed control over Chinese affairs, and who then held the reins of legislative power. Perhaps he did not attach sufficient weight to the predilections of Ta-tsing, the Son of Heaven, which were undoubtedly in favor of a Boston appointment.

Mr. Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, saw at once that unless the affairs of our Government were placed in charge of the Chinese Embassy, American influence in China would be sacrificed. He naturally looked at the subject with the broad sweep of vision characteristic of a great statesman. It was not a matter into which vulgar political animosities could be permitted to enter; and, therefore, he preferred impeaching the President first, and securing an appointment afterward. Folding three hundred millions of his fellow-beings to his capacious heart, he devoted himself earnestly to their interests, and opposed Johnsonian nominations, by whomsoever recommended, on abstract principles of justice to mankind.

The President, incapable of appreciating the humanitarian aspect of the question, nominated for the vacant position a citizen of California, whose chief recommendation was that he was utterly unknown in the political world. So far as common repute went, he had never been convicted of any infamous crime. The only serious charge against him was, that he had contributed some sketchy articles to the periodicals of the day. Had he belonged to the honorable fraternity of hod-carriers, he might

* Toast at the Auburn banquet.

have escaped censure because of his calling, but it was urged with some show of reason that there were ex-Senators, Governors, and Members of Congress enough to fill the vacancy without descending into the ranks of literature. Our National Representatives, it must be confessed, were exempt from this species of degradation. Nobody could fairly suspect them of being addicted to literary pursuits. It was even questionable if there was a publisher in existence who yearned for their intellectual productions.

Since no prominent statesman was available, under the antagonistic circumstances existing, the Senate generously confirmed the appointment made by Mr. Johnson, and the new Minister departed, rejoicing, on his Mission. It was deemed something of a qualification that he knew the way to China—which is more than can safely be affirmed of some of the distinguished gentlemen since appointed to public office.

Scarcely had a year elapsed when it was announced that our erratic Minister

had once more landed on the shores of America. Like a bad penny, he was back again. A furious tempest was brewing; ominous clouds were gathering on the public brow; from every point reverberated deep mutterings of the coming storm. Willingly would the victim of popular dissatisfaction have sought refuge in the haven of private life, but an outraged and indignant press dragged him forth, and held him up to universal execration. "No sooner was he pitchforked by some strange chance into a diplomatic Mission" (to use the language of a religious journal), than he reversed the enlightened policy of his predecessor; clapped a pistol to Prince Kung's head; called upon that functionary to hurry up with his improvements; put a torpedo under the projected telegraphs and railways, and blew them all sky-high; rebuilt the ponderous walls of China which had been so adroitly leveled; sold himself to the British, bargained with the French, and then performed the one gratifying act of his official career—came home.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

HOW JACK BREEZE MISSED BEING A PASHA.

A LONG swell came from the south with the stiff breeze, betokening the trades, and the old *Baboo*, with topmast "stun'sails" on her, went rolling and smashing her way through the water as fast as ever she could go, when we nestled up under the weather-rail and around the bitts, to doze and talk away as pretty a middle watch as man would care to see.

It was the flush times of the California and Australian trades, when the full clippers were getting fabulous prices for freight, and carrying sail in their long races till all was blue again, and when

men were so scarce at Callao that the homeward-bound guano ships had to give almost any wages asked.

We (the crew of the *Baboo*) had shipped at Callao for the passage to Cowes and a market, at the rate of sixty dollars a month, and were a good deal better satisfied with the arrangement than the old man was; for the *Baboo* was what the sailors call a "good old monthly ship," with bows as bluff as those of a Dutch galliot, and a run about as sharp as that of a tub. From the time we had made to 26° south in the Atlantic, we hoped for at least a six months' passage,

and the equivalent of \$360 in yellow sovereigns or crisp Bank of England notes, when paid off.

"Them rags will have to come in before the watch is over," said Liverpool Jack, stopping the tune of "Poor Little Liza" he was humming, to which "shanty," by the way, the salt-water tradition runs, Captain Cook's crew tripped their anchor for their memorable voyage.

"He can carry them till there's nothing left but the bolt ropes, for all I care," said old Jack. "They only make the old buggerlugger stick her round nose in the water, and don't help on a mite. If it wasn't that I'd just lit this pipe, I'd as leave hear the mate sing out to set that handkerchief the old man calls a main-royal stun'sail. A long passage is what I want, and if they choose to make the old tub stick her nose down and her stern up, and steer all over the ocean, I'm willing. I'm going to leave the sea this voyage, and want money enough to get married on."

"Who will you marry, Jack?" said I.

"O, I don't know; but there will be plenty of young girls glad to have a good-looking fellow with as much money as I'll have when we're paid off. I'll go back into the country, and get a girl that's never seen blue water, and don't know a handspike from a hawser. None of your Molls that can box the compass for me."

Jack was in dead earnest, but the idea of an old shellback like him marrying a country girl was laughable enough; for if ever Sinbad the Sailor, as pictured in the old prints, had a living representative, it was Jack Breeze, who, though hale and hearty, looked as though he had followed the sea for a century, and who, if you were to believe his yarns, had been an able seaman at the time of the mutiny at the Nore, and had sailed under every flag and visited every port on the globe. The old man was, moreover, ornamented with any amount of tattooing,

and carried a sabre or cutlass cut across the face, besides several bullet-marks in the body. As to the sabre cut, we never could ascertain whether he came by it in the Peninsular war, in a conflict with Chinese pirates, or while privateering along the Spanish main—for he told these three several stories about it, besides many more; but the general impression was that he either got it while with the "Mountaineers" in Peru, or while "blackbird catching" on the African coast—in both of which respectable employments, we had gathered from sundry hints let fall at various times, he had been engaged. Even his real name we did not know, as "Jack Breeze," the name he bore on the articles, was evidently a "purser's name," assumed for the voyage. But whether Sinbad, the veritable ancient mariner, or "old Stormy's son," himself, he was a thorough and active seaman, and, by reason of his experience and ability, commanded among all hands, from Captain to cook, a certain amount of deference.

But, in spite of this habitual deference, no one of the group could restrain a laugh at Jack's idea of "shipping for a farmer and marrying a country girl"—reminding us all, as it did, of the mishaps of the traditionary sailor, who started inland with an oar on his shoulder, resolved to marry the first girl who took it for a fence rail—and Liverpool Jack commenced to tell, as a piece of sarcasm, this well-worn yarn, familiar to every one who ever berthed in a fore-castle; but he was quickly snubbed by old Jack. "None of your chaffing with me, young fellow. I've stood my trick at the wheel, and made fast many a weather-earin' before you chipped the shell. Don't any of you fool yourselves about three or four hundred dollars being much money for me, either. It will be a good deal when we get home, for I haven't had much lately; but I've been paid off with more pounds than that, as wages and prize-

money; and there's many a time that I had more yellow doubloons and good round Spanish dollars than any of you ever saw; while, as for getting married, I might have had a prouder woman than any of you could tie a shoe for! Yes; if I hadn't been a cussed fool, I might have been son-in-law to the Grand Turk himself, and a Lord High Admiral in the Turkish Navy this very day!"

This excited speech stopped the giggle—outwardly, at least. None of us cared to irritate old Jack; and, besides, here was a prospect of a yarn to while away the dreary watch. Jack's yarns were in great request, for he could spin a longer and more plausible and interesting yarn, albeit a tougher one, than any man in the ship; and so, with one accord, any *animus* or intended slight in the laugh was deprecated, while Liverpool Jack received several muttered hints to "clap a stopper on his jaw," etc.; and that worthy, finding public opinion—at least the "public opinion" of the port-watch of the *Baboo*—against him, incontinently subsided; while, in language which implied no shadow of doubt that he might not in his time have been the Grand Turk's son-in-law, or the Grand Turk himself, old Jack was respectfully urged to tell us the whole story.

The old man's vanity was evidently flattered, and, after a few growling assertions that "some people thought every body was like themselves," a look to windward, to see that there was a fair prospect of being able to conclude his yarn in peace, and a fresh bite of his plug of tobacco, old Jack stretched himself out comfortably, with his back to the spare topmast, and commenced the "yarn," which I give, minus some infractions of the third commandment:

When a boy, I was apprenticed, as I have told you before, to the skipper of an old "Jordy" brig, carrying coals to London. I stuck it out two or three

years; then ran away, and shipped for a voyage up the straits on a topsail schooner belonging to Aberdeen. We went chock up to Constantinople, and lay in front of the city, discharging cargo. It was my first deep-water voyage, and I was all eyes to the strange sights; but the bloody old Scotch skipper wouldn't let us go ashore, for fear we would leave him, and made me and another ordinary seaman—a young Scotch chap—keep anchor-watch all night, so that the men, who were heavier than we, might be fresher to work at getting out the cargo in the day-time. We didn't like this treatment, you may be sure, and would have run away if we hadn't been afraid of going ashore among the Turks, especially as we had no money. Well, one night, after we had been laying there a week, my chum and I made it up to take a little light dingey that was towing astern and pull for a couple of hours or so up the stream, for we were so tired of the old hooker that to get off her deck, even for a couple of hours, we thought would be good fun. So we waited till about five bells (half-past ten), and, making sure that all hands were sound asleep, hauled up the dingey and got in, muffling our oars with parceling, and not putting them in the water till we had drifted from the old schooner, which lay higher up than any of the other vessels. The moon had not yet risen, but it was a clear starlight night. The tide was running up like a mill-race, and as we gave way on the little dingey she spun up past the shore like a shot.

It was "any thing for a change" with us, and we pulled away for some time without thinking much where we were going, till we had got well past the Sultan's palace, and well up to the far end of his gardens (as I afterward found them to be). Then we began to think it might not be so easy going back, as the flood had still some time to run; so we turned the dingey round, and commenced to pull down,

keeping as close in-shore as we dared, for we began to be a little scared that some of the Turkish soldiers might sight us, and, thinking we were on no good errand, might come off after us, or fire at us. It was mighty hard pulling, though, against that tide, and we got pretty tired without making much headway: so we concluded to tie up to one of a lot of little islands not far from the shore, and wait till the tide turned. This island, which lay off the Sultan's garden, wasn't bigger than a good-sized catamaran, and didn't look as if there was any body on it; so we pulled up close to the bank, drawing the dingey under the overhanging bushes, and made our painter fast to the stems of some of them. We were afraid to go ashore to see what the place was like, or to make much noise, for we knew that the Sultan's palace was near, and had heard that it was death for any stranger to be caught prowling around his grounds; so we kept mighty still, speaking to each other only in whispers. We hadn't laid there more than fifteen or twenty minutes, till Sandy, who was coiled up in the bottom of the boat, with his head on the gunnel, griped my arm, and at the same moment I heard a *s-i-sh*, like a fast boat cutting the water, and then a low, quick, measured plash of oars, and a big ten or twelve-oared barge (what the Turks call a *caïque*) come shooting round the end of the island. The whole thing happened quicker than I can tell it, but my hair stood up on end, for I thought they were after us, as I saw a big fellow rise up in the stern-sheets and clap his hands together. But they wasn't, though. As he clapped his hands, the crew laid on their oars a moment, two chaps that was in the stern-sheets stooped down, picked up something that was heavy and white, and tossed it over, while the men gave way again at the same moment, and the barge swept on round the other corner of the island. We heard a groan, like it was a human creat-

ure, just as they tossed the thing overboard; and no sooner had the barge spun round the point again when we saw it come up to the surface, not a biscuit toss from us. "It's somebody they're trying to drown," says Sandy: "let's save him;" and with that he cut the painter with his sheath-knife, and give the dingey a send off-shore, stern foremost. We had no need to put an oar in the water, for Sandy's shove carried us right over to where the bag had been, and, as it came up again, I grabbed it, and felt sure enough that there was something human inside, for I felt I had hold of a leg or an arm, and could feel it move.

I'd lugged it half out the water, and half over the gunnel of the dingey, when I heard a shrill whistle, and, turning my head, saw a big, double-banked *caïque*, the crew pulling on their muffled oars like mad, spinning round the point, and right aboard me. I was too much scared to say a word, or let go my hold, and only had time to notice a big nigger in a white turban, with a diamond in it as big as your fist, standing in the stern-sheets, when somebody hit me a whack over the head, and I tumbled backward into the dingey.

It must have been two or three minutes before I came to, and then I found myself lying in the stern-sheets of the barge, with my arms and feet lashed fast. I said nothing, for I was afraid to move; but, as my head was a little up on the side of the barge, I could see the big nigger, with the great diamond in his turban, and three or four other niggers rubbing a body, which they had stretched on some cushions, and a-grunting and palavering at a terrible rate. In about a minute after I came to, it began to move and groan, and I saw it was a woman. You oughter heard them mokes sing Hallelujah in Turkish, when they heard her groan; and they had good reason for it, too, for I afterward found her com-

ing to just kept their heads on their shoulders. If she'd been hopelessly dead, they'd all been mince-meat before they were half an hour older.

Well, soon as they seed she was getting all right, one of the black fellows left her and come over to me, and, seeing I was sensible, commenced palavering to me in his infernal lingo. I plucked up courage, and begged him, in good, plain English, to cut the lashings round my arms and legs. He didn't understand, that was clear; but, howsomever, he did cast my legs adrift, and then give me a mouthful of cordial out of a little bottle that they had been dosing the gal with. Just then we shot under an arch, up a little canal, through big trees and shrubbery, and rounded to at a flight of marble steps. The big moke hailed some Turkish soldiers that were standing with drawn swords at the top, and they brought down a kind of palanquin, into which they put the woman, all covered up, and carried her off. Then the big nigger, with the diamond in his head-gear, said something to two of the soldiers, and they picked me up and carried me up the steps, and to one side, into a guard-house like, that was built of marble, too. There they laid me down on a bench, and presently they brought in a Turkish doctor. He warn't a real Turk, though, but only a Greek who had turned Turk; and when he felt of my head, and said something in Greek, I found I could talk to him.

"How did you know Greek, Jack?" one of the auditors ventured to ask.

"Why, you fool, I learned Greek, and Latin too, when I was a boy at school, before I'd ever smelt salt water, or knew a square-knot from a cow-hitch."

"No foolish questions," broke in two or three of the interested hearers; "ain't you got no better manners than to interrupt a man when he's spinning a yarn?"

And so, with a glance of withering,

condescending pity at the interlocutor, old Jack, who had now got well warmed up and was in his glory, spun away:

Well, I told the doctor chap, just as fast as I could in Greek, how I come there; and he, putting his finger up to his mouth, says to me, in Greek, too: "Hish! you're in the Sultan's palace-grounds, and had better clap a stopper on your jaw. A fellow's got to mind his eye here, or off goes his head before he knows it. I expect yours is as good as off anyhow, for you've put your flippers on one of his sacred Majesty's wives; either that, or you're in big luck, young fellow, my lad: howsomever, you'll know before long."

I was pretty well scared, you may be sure, and wished from the bottom of my heart I'd stayed aboard the old hooker and kept my watch, or better still, that I'd been contented to stay at home and be a parson, as my father wanted me to; for there I was with my hands tied, with three or four butcherous-looking Turks walking round with their bright, crooked sabres, looking at me for all the world as though they'd liked nothing better than to get the word to chop me up in inch pieces. But pretty soon they faced about and presented their sabres, as in come the big nigger with the diamond in his head-gear, and (as I could now see) with his clothes all spangled with gold, and a jewel-hilted sword strapped round him.

As soon as the big nigger came in, he said something in Turkish, and the soldiers raised me up and untied my arms, and one of them brought me some water in a basin to wash with; and then the big nigger made me a sign to follow him, and we passed out and through a garden, a half-dozen soldiers marching on each side. In a little while we came to a wall, and passed through a gate that was guarded by a couple of the ugliest-looking old mokes you ever did see.

The soldiers stayed outside; but some of these inside niggers (eunuchs, I afterward found they were) carried torches before and behind us, and we passed along a little distance over a marble path, till we came to a great, low, white building, and entered a little temple like that was on one side. We went into this and through a lot of fine rooms, without as much as a chair in them, but with lots of eunuchs in white turbans standing round and saluting us in the Turkish fashion, till we halted before a big arched doorway, that was all blazing with gold and silver. And here the big nigger with the diamond in his turban made me a sign to stand still, and, casting off his slippers, he went in for a few moments, and presently came out and made me a sign to put off my boots, which I did; and then, taking me by the arm, we went in together. I was pretty well scared, and couldn't notice much: I only know that we went through two or three doors, and then we entered the biggest, highest room I had seen yet, and the big nigger fell down on all-fours and stuck his head to the ground. I followed suit—for I thought that was the safest thing—and got down myself, afraid even to look around, till somebody at the other end of the room said something, and the big moke pulled me up. And then I saw, at the other end, a little, old Turk squatted on a pile of silk cushions, all glistening with gold and jewels, a pulling at one of them Turkish pipes that they smoke through a hose, with half a dozen black fellows standing beside and behind him, with their hands folded in front of them. I knew by the old fellow's looks, and by the gold and diamonds that was laying around, and by the way the big nigger and all the other niggers held themselves, that this couldn't be any body less than the Grand Turk himself, and I was worse scared than ever. But he said a word, and one of the black fellows

lugged out a big silk cushion, and he motioned me to come sit alongside him.

Well, no sooner did I come near the old fellow than he jumped up and grabbed me by the hand, and slapped me between the shoulders with a whack. "D——n my eyes, young fellow," says he, "but I'm glad to see you! You've just fished up and saved the life of the prettiest and newest wife I've got; and if I don't make it all right with you, call me a horse marine!"

"Did the Sultan talk English, Jack?" I ventured modestly to inquire.

"No, of course, he didn't; but he'd been to college, too, if he was a Turk, and he could talk Greek as well as I could. And, now, if you chaps want to hear the yarn through, you've got to keep quiet, for the next man that asks a question can spin the rest of it himself."

Well, I was as much flustrated with my luck, as I was a little while before with fright; but the old fellow told me to sit down on the silk cushion, and had one of the slaves bring me some kind of light wine in a gold cup all crusted with precious stones, and give me one of them long pipes; and then he made me tell him all about myself, where I hailed from, and how I come to Constantino-ple, and how I happened to be in the stream when the niggers threw the woman over, and how I fished her up, and all about it. And then he put his hand in his pocket and hauled out a big purse full of gold, and told me that there was a little pocket-money to last me a day or two, and that just as soon as I'd turn Turk, he'd give me six of his daughters and make me a Grand Admiral. And then the old villain clapped his hands, and four niggers came in, each with a man's head on a big plate. It made me sick to see the bloody heads standing bolt up on the plates; but the Grand Turk only laughed, and said he, "These

three are the fellows that made the mistake, and that one is the slave that hit you over the head; but I guess they won't do it again." And then he told the big nigger with the diamond in his turban, that I found was the Chief of the Eunuchs, to take me and fix me up comfortable.

And so they carried me away, and into a marble room, where they nearly boiled me; and when I was about suffocated, some more niggers took me out and laid me, naked, on a marble bench, and poured hot water over me, and punched and kneaded me till they'd like to kill me; and then they carried me out, and hove me on a pile of cushions and covered me up, and I fell asleep, and slept till late the next day.

When I woke up, there was a black fellow in a white turban standing there, who clapped his hands, and a little nigger came in with a little cup of the bulleest coffee you ever tasted. And when I'd got through that, in came a yellow fellow and asked me, in good square English, what I'd like for my breakfast.

Well, I had a breakfast fit for a king; and then I got into a talk with the yellow fellow, and I found he was a Yankee nigger from Baltimore, who'd come out as cook on an American brig, and as the Grand Turk wanted a civilized cook, for such times as he had the English Ambassador to dine with him, he'd got into the palace kitchen, and now the Chief Eunuch had put him to waiting on me.

Well, I found out from this fellow (whose name had been Cæsar, but who had turned Turk, and now called himself Cæsar Mohammed) just what the bobbery that got me there had been. It seems that the Grand Turk's got so many wives that he can't keep the run of their names, and he has to number them, just like convicts at Botany Bay. The newest wife he'd got was number Six Thousand and Three, and he was

mightily stuck after her, for the time. But one of his other wives had done something that made him mad, and so he says to one of his eunuchs:

"Take Three Thousand and Six, sew her up in a bag, and toss her into the Bosphorus to-night."

But the fool of a moke misunderstood, or else the Sultan himself slipped a figure; but, at any rate, instead of Three Thousand and Six, the old wife that the Sultan was mad with, they got a-hold of Six Thousand and Three, the new one, that the Sultan was stuck after, jammed her into a bag, and rushed her off into the river.

They'd hardly got her off, before the Sultan came in a-looking for his last wife, and the blunder came out; and the Grand Turk tore around like mad, and cursed things all up in a heap, and swore he'd take the head off of every one in the palace if his new wife was drowned; and the Chief Eunuch rushed after the gal himself, and just got there as I had fished her up.

So you see I was in big luck. I had saved the Sultan's favorite wife, and saved the Chief Eunuch's head, and the heads of two or three-score smaller guns among the eunuchs; and Cæsar Mohammed told me that the whole palace was talking about it, and about how I was to be Lord High Admiral, and have the biggest ship in the Turkish Navy and half a dozen of the Sultan's daughters, just as soon as I'd turn Turk.

And says he, "You'll find it as easy to turn Turk as to tie a square-knot: all you've got to do is to learn to gabble a lot of gibberish about Mohammed, and how to sit cross-legged and smoke one of them hose-pipes, and to knock your head on the floor whenever you say your prayers. And," says he, "they'll send a Turkish missionary to you, to convert you, and all you've got to do is to say Yes to every thing; only it's best not to be too quick about it, for he'll

think the more of you if he's got to do a little argufying."

Well, I didn't quite like the notion of turning Turk, and didn't think it half so easy a job as this renegade moke made out; but I'd heard say, "When you're in Turkey, do as Turks do," and I thought it best to keep still and see what would turn up.

But I did say to Cæsar Mohammed: "What makes his Majesty give me six of his daughters? Wouldn't one do?"

"Oh," says he, "his Majesty's got so many he won't miss six, and there's no use of being mean about it. Besides, the other girls would be jealous if one got you all to herself, and his Majesty will do any thing for peace in his family. I never heard of his giving away six at once before, though. A little while ago he gave four to a young Pasha; but the girls got to quarreling about the Pasha favoring one more than the others, and at last, to keep peace in the family, the old man had to have the Pasha's head cut off."

That scared me a little; but I got over it when the Chief Eunuch came in with a whole tail of black fellows, and took me to a little house in a garden, all fixed up for me, and gave me a fine suit of Turkish clothes: breeches like bags, and a jacket all gold lace and jewels, and one of the prettiest little cimeters, with a handle all diamonds and rubies, to wear by my side. And in one of my rooms was a big chest chock full of the finest kind of tobacco, and there were lots of pipes a-laying all around, and plenty of cushions to loll on; and I didn't have to raise my finger, but had half a dozen black fellows to bring me any thing I wanted, and even to fill my pipe, and give me a light when it went out.

Well, after the Chief Eunuch had given me a big bag full of gold—as much as two men could lug—which the Sultan had sent me, and had gone out, and I

had smoked a pipe or two, and had taken two or three pulls at some lemonade sort of stuff they called sherbet, I asked Cæsar Mohammed to take a cruise round and see if there wasn't any whisky a-laying about the rooms, for I felt mightily like a Christian drink to my good fortune. You ought to have seen the whites of that nigger's eyes glisten when I said whisky, for he hadn't had a dram since he had turned Turk; but he said there was no use looking, as all kinds of rum was contraband in that shop, for the Turk's religion was down on it, and it was as much as a man's head was worth to bring it in the palace; "but," said he, "when you send to the schooner for your donkey, you had better get the skipper to throw some of the old duds out of it, and fill it up with some Christian liquor. It will be mighty comforting to you here, and it will help you make friends among these eunuchs and soldiers, if that should come to stand you in hand, which it might, for no one knows here how long his head is going to keep company with the rest of him. These Turks are the devils after a swig of good whisky, if they can get it on the sly; and as for that, the very missionary that will come to preach to you will swig it like a young pig if you only tell him it's some sort of English lemonade."

I'd been so flurried that up to then I'd about forgotten the schooner, and had even hardly wondered what had happened Sandy; but then I became anxious about him, and so I got some paper and a pencil, and wrote a note to the skipper, telling him of my good luck, and how I was in a fair way to become a Turkish Admiral, and asking him what had become of Sandy. Cæsar Mohammed got the head moke's leave, and took it off to the schooner, together with a lot of the tobacco out of my chest and a dozen gold-pieces from my bag, as a present to the old fellow and the

crew, for I had got up in the world too quick to have any hard feeling toward any body. By and by he came back to tell me that Sandy was all right. He had seen the big barge coming before I, and dove deep, and then stayed on the off-side of the dingey till she had gone, when he got in and sculled back with the tide to the schooner, thinking I had been killed, and nearly scared to death himself. And Cæsar brought back, besides my own donkey, two big chests that had a few clothes on top, but were stuffed full of bottles of all sorts of liquor, that the skipper had sent me. And when he opened them and showed me what was in them, he would have got blind drunk; but I had sense enough to see that wouldn't do, and so, after giving him a couple of good swigs, and taking a couple myself, I locked them up and put the keys in my pocket, and sent him off to cook my supper.

The next day there came a Turkish school-master, who had orders to teach me Turkish, and then, after him, came the Turkish parson, who had three weeks to convert me in, as I found; at the end of which time I was expected to marry the Sultan's daughters and take command of my three-decker. I was a little scared of this little old Turk, for I had heard that their way of converting people was to take off the top of their heads if they wouldn't say the Turkish creed; but he didn't seem to be in a bit of a hurry with me, and we got along splendidly. He just sat down cross-legged, and got hold of the end of a pipe, and preached at me in Greek, for I didn't yet understand enough Turkish; and then he gave me one of Mohammed's bibles, and a lot of tracts, and a prayer-book, and groaned a little, and prayed some, and asked me where I'd go to if I died; and left me alone.

Well, I had bully good times for a couple of weeks. I lived like a fighting-cock. Cabin grub in the best ship you

ever saw was nothing to it: fricasseed chicken and plum duff every day in the week; no end to the good tobacco to smoke; a dram whenever I felt like it; a double-banked barge, all green and gold, with a silk awning for me to lay under, whenever I wanted to take a turn on the water; a pack of dancing-girls, as pretty as angels, to kick around and sing for me every night; a three-decker, with a crew of eight hundred men, awaiting for me in the stream; nigger soldiers to present arms to me whenever I passed; and a lot of fellows to feed me and wash me, and fill my pipe, and look scared to death whenever I sneezed! Little did I think, then, that I would ever handle tar or eat out of a kid again! It makes me cuss myself for the bloodiest fool that ever lived, whenever I think of it!

And old Jack, taking a fresh bite at his plug of tobacco, heaved a sigh, and for the moment seemed quite overwhelmed with the recollections of his departed glory.

"Well, how was it, Jack?" chimed in McFadden, seemingly anxious lest we should lose the rest of Jack's yarn; "couldn't you go their religion?"

"No; that wasn't the trouble. I don't know how it would have been when I'd come right to the point of turning Turk; but I expect I'd have gone it, for the sake of the three-decker, and the bully grub, and the Sultan's daughters; howsomever, that didn't give me much trouble."

The missionary who was put on duty to convert me was a bully old cove, and he and I got to be regular chummies. After he'd preached at me two or three times, and given me about a bushel of tracts, I hauled out of my chest some of the English lemonade, and the old man took to it as lively as a dolphin to a flying-fish, and there he'd

sit, cross-legged, and, taking a swig every now and again, spin me the infernal yarns about Mohammed, and heaven and hell, and angels and devils! I wasn't fool enough to contradict him, or to ask him any foolish questions, and just used to nod and grunt, and shove him the bottle now and again, and let on as though I swallowed it all, or, at any rate, as though I'd rather believe him than look further for proof. Only once, when he was spinning me a long yarn about Mohammed going up to heaven on a mule, I plucked up heart enough to say that it must be rather rough climbing for a mule.

"Young man!" said the old fellow, dropping his pipe, and looking at me as if a streak of lightning had run down his back, "young man, you're a-scoffing at mysteries! Don't you believe that Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of fire?"

"Yes," said I; for I saw that the old fellow was getting mad, and I began to think of how my head would look on a plate.

"Well," said he, "if one man can go up to heaven in a chariot of fire, what's there to hinder another man going up on a mule?"

I didn't know that there was any thing; at any rate, I said so, and we took another swig at the bottle, and after that we got along famously, for I didn't ask any more foolish questions.

So every thing went along as easy as sliding down a backstay, and I began to get quite used to my grandeur and good living, and to feel quite like a Turk; and it come to pretty near the time when I was to have my head shaved, and marry the Sultan's daughters. Now, this was the part of the thing that scared me more than all the rest. I was a bashful young fellow then, and had never been married at all, and the idea of marrying even one girl that I'd never seen kinder took my breath away, when I'd come to

seriously think of it; but the idea of marrying six gals at once made the sweat stand right out! Besides, I didn't know whether they'd be pretty or ugly, or kind or cross; for they keep the Grand Turk's daughters locked up along with his wives, and nobody can tell any thing about them. If I could have taken them one at a time, and kind of broke one in before I started on another, I might have got along; but I was afraid the whole six at once might raise Cain on the first watch, and, finally, my head might go, like the poor young Pasha's, to keep peace in the family.

"Why didn't you ask the old man to let you take one at a time?" said Mac.

"Well, them Turks is curious people, and after I'd seen them niggers' heads a-coming in on plates, I didn't feel like asking many questions. The old man intended to be good to me in giving me six at once, and it might have made him mad if I'd a shown I didn't want them; and off my head might have gone, right then."

Well, one day, just a little while before I was to turn Turk, and be married, in comes Caesar Mohammed one night, with the whites of his eyes rolling as if he'd seen a ghost, and told me he'd learned from one of the eunuchs, a chummy of his, that there'd been a devil of a row in the harum about me. You see, the old man had about ten thousand daughters, and these gals had heard what a good-looking, fresh young fellow I was, and were all a-wanting to marry me, instead of some withered old Turk, and so they had got into a fight about who should be the lucky six, and had just tore each other's hair, and scratched each other's faces, and knocked down and dragged out all around the palace. And the old man had come in while the row was a-going on, and got boiling mad at having such a rumpus in his family, and had

had about a dozen of them sewed up in bags and chucked into the river, and had chopped the heads off of the Lord only knows how many eunuchs, and cussed things all aback; and, finally, swore that, instead of marrying six, I should marry a hundred—but that not another daughter would he go on me—and if that didn't suit the girls, and they had any more row, not one of them should marry me; but he'd just chop me up and divide me around.

I was worse scared than the moke when he told me this, and thought I was in a pretty bad plight. The idea of marrying six of the old man's daughters had frightened me bad enough; but to have to marry a hundred, or, perhaps, lose my head, was as much worse as could be—and I began to wish I'd kept my anchor-watch, and never left the bloody old schooner.

Finally, Cæsar Mohammed asked me for the key of the chest, and lugged out a bottle of stiff old Scotch whisky, that the skipper had sent me. And then I took a drink, and he took a drink; and he took a drink again, and I took another drink; and we kept on sucking that bottle till I began to feel pretty good, and made up my mind that I didn't care a d— for the Grand Turk, or all the other Turks, and that I'd see them in their own hell before I'd marry a hundred of their girls, or let them chop me up, either.

And then we cuffed all the nigger slaves out of the room, and I sung a song, and Cæsar danced a breakdown; and then we took out another bottle, and sat quiet again, to consider what was to be done.

First, I thought of gathering all my gold, and trying to run out of the place, and get aboard some homeward-bound vessel; or else of taking the bull by the horns, and going right to the old man, and telling him that six wives were quite enough for me to start in with, and ask-

ing to be excused from the hundred; but the more whisky I got down me, the more I thought that perhaps a hundred wives wasn't such a bad thing, after all; and, at any rate, I would like to see what the gals looked like, before I took the chances of refusing them.

So I asked Cæsar if there wasn't any way of getting into the place where they kept the Grand Turk's wives and daughters; and he was just drunk enough to undertake to show me how to do it. After burning the cork of a bottle, and blacking my face, so I'd pass for a nigger on a pinch, we stole out—Cæsar taking a big bottle of rum with him, to treat the soldiers that paced around the walls. When we came to a place where there was a tree growing pretty near the wall, I got behind some bushes till Cæsar got talking with the nigger marine, and tolled him off to get a drink of whisky, when I jumped up the tree, and was on top the wall in a wink. Inside I saw another ducky, walking up and down, with a naked cutlass in his hand. I held my breath till he had paced behind some trees, and then dropped like a cat—never thinking how I was to get out. I made a straight wake through the flower bushes to a big marble building, with some little round holes of windows near the top, whence I could see some light coming, and in which, as I got nearer, I could hear a lot of women laughing and giggling like a parcel of chitty-cats. I began to get scary again, as I lay in the bushes, close up to the wall, taking the bearings of the place; but pretty soon I see a rope dangling down from an awning-roller at the top, and, as there was only one little nigger in sight, and he with his face the other way, I thought as I was in for a penny I might as well go in for a pound, and made a dive out of the bushes for the rope, and up it I went, like a monkey, hand over hand. Just as I struck the roof, and scrambled on to it, I heard the little nigger below give

a yell, and then a shrill call on the whistle—like a boatswain's call—that them fellows on guard always carries. And then I heard the whistles sound all around, and other niggers running, and I was sobered in an instant, and knew it was neck or nothing with me now; for I had heard over and over again that it was sure death to any one, high or low, to be caught inside them walls. How I did wish I was a ring-tailed monkey! but I went up that roof just as if I had been one, for I felt my only show was to run up, and down the other side, and off into the bushes, while the niggers was all on the side I had come up. I didn't look at any thing, but scrambled up as if all my toes was fingers. Quick as I got up, I found the top was all open, and with a great canvas stretched across it for a roof. Just where I came up, some of the rovings had parted, and there was a little opening, through which I looked, into a big marble room. And right under me was a big marble basin, full of water, with a fountain in the middle, and there was about five hundred girls—the Grand Turk's daughters—a-dancing round the basin, and a-turning somersets into the water, and a-plunging, and diving, and splashing, and giggling, and laughing, and screaming. I was too scared to look much, and I didn't take time to think much; but a chap thinks quick while he's hanging by his eyelids, and I just thought what a bloody fool I had been, and that if I was well out of that, I'd be willing to marry the whole five hundred of them.

There was nothing for me to do but to get across that canvas. It looked mighty shaky; but the niggers, with their cutlasses, was behind me, and I made a dive into it. It bagged with my weight, like a topsail on the cap, and I could hear the girls stop their play, and yell like five hundred devils, as they saw something a-clawing and floundering across, when, with a crack like a jib

flying from its bolt-ropes, the rotten old thing parted, and down I went.

All I remember was, a-wading, and a-swimming, and diving through a crowd of squealing girls mixed with water, and a dozen black hands stretched out as I come to the marble steps; a clip on the sconce, and the lights dancing around; and then I knew nothing, till I found myself tied hand and foot, laying on the floor of the marble guard-house, down by the water, where I had first landed.

When I come to myself I remembered all that had happened, and opened my eyes softly, to get the lay of the land. I was off in one corner, and at the far end of the room was a lot of Turkish soldiers and nigger eunuchs squatting cross-legged, and a-passing around half a dozen of my bottles. Cæsar Mohammed was standing between me and them. Soon as he saw I was sensible, he come up to me, and whispered:

"Hish! keep quiet. It was lucky for you that they caught you in the girls' bath. Barring the presence of the girls, they'd a-chopped your head off soon as they catched you; but now you're to be sewed in a bag and chucked into the water, with a couple of twelve-pounders to your head. I've made them see it wasn't right to chuck you in till you got sensible, and could die like a good Mohammedan; and I've been up and got some whisky for them to pass time with, and they're pretty well set up already. Maybe there's some chance yet; so when they see you awake, give me a key and tell me to go up and get your money to divide among them before you're sewn up. That'll gain time."

They kept on a-drinking and laughing for a little while, until one of them, who was plainly two sheets in the wind and one flying, staggered up and got down a great long bag off a peg, and fumbled around for a sail-needle and some twine. But Cæsar Mohammed went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and jab-

bered away in the infernal Turkish lingo so fast that I couldn't understand it. Then the moke put down his bag, staggered up to me, and hacked the cords off my legs with his cutlass. Cæsar set me up, and commenced to rub me and pour a little whisky down my gullet, and then loosed my arms. I pretended to come to, and all the beggars that could use their legs staggered round, to be ready to shove me in the bag. But I put my hand in my pocket, and lugging out a key, told Cæsar, in half-English and half-Turkish (for I had learned to palaver a little of their cursed lingo), to go up and bring down my money to divide among these gentlemen, so that they wouldn't stick their needles in me when they sewed me up. The beggars knew fast enough what I meant, and they all set up a shout, swearing I was the best fellow they'd ever seen, and a couple of the drunken beasts commenced hugging and slobbering over me, and pulled me off to where the whisky was, and we all sat down cross-legged against the wall; and they commenced shoving the whisky faster than ever, for Cæsar had brought down about all that was left.

Right aside of me was a little nigger eunuch just about my size—a wicked little devil. He had too much aboard to set up straight or to say any thing, but his wicked little porpoise-eyes were full of deviltry, and he had a palm on his hand and a needle between his fingers, all ready to sew me up. And the little devil wanted the job, though he was so drunk, for every now and again he'd give me a prod with the needle, and grin (for he was too drunk to laugh) to see me wince.

"You're itching to sew me up, my hearty," thinks I; "but you'd better keep that weather eyelid of yours a-lifting, or I'm cursed if I don't sew *you* up before this watch is out."

So I kept shoving him the bottle, and

ramming the whisky down his throat, till Cæsar came back with a great sack of money over his shoulder and chucked it down on the floor, and all of them, except the little devil next to me, who was as helpless as a booby, scrambled round it.

Quick as flash, while they were all scrambling and fighting for the gold, I snapped the little eunuch's turban off his head and stuck it on mine, threw my jacket over him, wound his sash round my middle, stuck his cutlass through it, jerked the palm and needle out of his hand, and sung out to Cæsar:

"Quick's your play, matey! I'll stand by to sew this fellow up!"

Cæsar twigged the thing in a look, and he rushed over to the little moke and threw his arms round his neck, and commenced a-hugging him and a-crying that it was a wicked shame to sew his poor dear master up and chuck him in the river!

In a minute, seeing they were getting into a bloody row, some of the soberest sung out it was time to get through, or the Head Eunuch would be down and have all their heads carried up on platters. With that they all made a rush to Cæsar Mohammed and the little moke, and while some of them pulled Cæsar off, and others held the bag open, a couple of big ones just hoisted the little moke neck and heels right in, and I fell to with my needle and palm and sewed him up quicker than ever a nigger was sewed up before, taking a stitch through his nose, so that Mohammed might know him in h—. And we just bundled him out of that guard-house and down those marble steps by the run, and as the drunken lubbers tumbled into the barge, Cæsar and I jumped aside into the bushes, and they gave way and shot off, too drunk to count noses.

As soon as they had gone, Cæsar and I jumped into a little canoe we found there, grinning to think how there'd be

one less at the eunuchs' mess next day, and laying low, paddled down with the tide, past the town, till, nearly daylight, we struck an English frigate.

We sunk the canoe, and I stayed aboard the frigate, and got to be captain of the foretop; but Cæsar he went to Malta and started a cook-shop with the money he'd carried off, for that nigger

wasn't fool enough to throw the whole of the gold on the floor.

"Lay aft and set the maintop-gallant stun'sail," yelled the mate.

And as the light sail sprang aloft to its place, the welcome chime of eight bells came from the binnacle, telling us that our watch had ended.

HENRY GEORGE.

A CHINESE PRIMER

AS a specimen of the Chinese literature and style of thinking, the "Three-Letter Classic" is invaluable. The reader of it can scarcely fail to have awakened in him a wish for a wider acquaintance with the remarkable literature of which this little book is a kind of outline, as well as sample.

The name of the work, following the Mandarin sound, is "Santsze King," meaning the "Three-Letter," or "Three-Character Classic." The name "Trimetrical Classic," given by Dr. Bridgeman, is not a translation of the native title, though suggestive of the poetical form in which the book is written. Every line is made up of two sections, each containing three letters or characters, which are the same as words. The first two lines rhyme approximately with each other, and so with most of the others, in pairs. There are in all 176 lines, or double that number, if every three words be considered a line. Imagining the words written in perpendicular columns, and in Chinese characters, one will get an idea of the first two lines from the following:

1. Jin Che Tsou—Sing Pun Shen;
2. Sing Seang Kin—Seih Seang Yuen.

The book was prepared in this form for the use of the youngest pupils in the schools of China. It is the primer in

Chinese education all over the Empire. In all the primary schools one will hear the native boys chanting this "Classic," led off by their teacher's firm voice. While the simple versification helps to impress the language on the memory, it also increases the charm of the recitation, as performed by numerous childish voices, now in concert, and now chasing one another with the strange ups and downs of the Chinese articulation.

The author of the "Three-Letter Classic" was Wang Pihhow, a scholar of the Confucian sect, living in the time of the Southern Sung dynasty, probably sometime in the twelfth century of our era. Wang prepared it originally for his own domestic school, doubtless with no thought of its gaining a popularity beyond his own circle. Other authors have been claimed for it. Han Yu, the Saint Patrick of Tie Chiu, in the north-east part of the Canton province, has been awarded the credit of the authorship. But, born in the Tung dynasty, as early as the eighth century, he would not speak of so late rulers as the "Classic" does; and, besides, the usual twelve-volume edition of Han Yu's works lends no support to the claim which some have set up for him.

Chinese scholars have deemed the little book worthy of the most elaborate expo-

sitions, and the editions in which it is published, whether with or without elucidations, are exceedingly numerous and varied. The Chinese are wonderful commentators, and their skill and taste in this direction are fully illustrated in connection with their primer. We have before us, in the preparation of this article, some half a dozen different native commentaries on the book. These are highly entertaining, and indeed instructive, in their development of systems and biographies barely hinted at in the text. In fact, it would be impossible for the pupil to understand the book without profuse explanations. These, however, are not permitted till the scholar has first of all memorized every line, from beginning to end. The explanations which have served us the most are those of Wang Tsinshing. Perhaps he has corrupted the original text in some places, but otherwise has done a good work. We have not translated from the text in his work, although the English article upon the subject in the "Chinese Repository" has done so. Whenever Tsinshing's text differs from the one we have chosen, it is evident, in nearly every instance, that he has added something for the sake of clearness, or changed something for the sake of consistency. In one instance, at least, he has added an entire line, which admits light perhaps, but which mars the regular flow of the versification. His various readings reveal too strongly a motive.

The plan of the diminutive writing now under consideration is certainly happy. In general, it sketches an outline of substantial instruction, and then gives a most stirring exhortation to pursue it. A brief analysis would be as follows: The necessity of teaching the young, because otherwise their natures are changed to badness, and become of no use (lines 1-14). The matters in which the child is to be instructed are next enumerated. These are, first and chief, du-

tifulness to parents and elder brothers, illustrated with distinguished examples in Chinese history (15-21); secondly, the numbers and various classes of things—leading facts and principles in the material world, in the social relations, and in philosophy (22-52); thirdly, after a remark about the thorough mode of teaching (53, 54), we have told us the books to be studied, in their proper order for the student's mind, together with the briefest summary of their contents (55-130). This latter division affords a bird's-eye view of Chinese literary works, as well as a most ingenious and compact survey of Chinese history from the first periods down to the twelfth century of the Christian era. After a word upon the suitable manner of learning history (131, 132), the author enters upon his hortatory and stimulating part, and derives from numerous historical examples, and even from the brute creation, motives to diligence and perseverance in study (133-176).

The characters, or words, used in the composition of this strange compend are among the most complex and difficult in the language, as if we should start our scholars with polysyllables. Many of the statements and allusions are fearfully abstruse. Yet there is somehow a peculiar charm about the work for the young mind. While the foreigner wonders how such a book can be managed with children, the Chinese are full of praises in its behalf, for its adaptation to the youthful class. One of them has said: "It forms a passport into the regions of classical and historical literature. It is truly a ford which the youthful inquirer may pass, and thereby reach the fountain-head of the higher sources of learning!"

It requires no argument to prove that the influence of the "Three-Letter Classic" upon the rising generations and national life of China has been great. The fact would be anticipated. No one can

witness the uniform type of Chinese youthful culture, or visit one of the native schools, without a conclusion as to the peculiar drill of the national primer. Its molding, its educating effect, is in fact wonderful. Possessing elements which, at the first view, might seem entirely to forbid success, such as its difficult characters, and its advanced range of ideas, it yet has a popularity which no other first-book for the child in the world possesses. No book of its class has ever been handled by so many little hands. What the Four Books of Confucius and Mencius are to the advanced native student, that the "Triliteral Classic" is to the beginner.

In accounting for its national success, we must attribute much to its form. Its short, rhythmical lines, full of sprightliness and vivacity to the native ear, delight the young, and naturally fasten themselves in the memory. Recognizing the favor which the three-worded metrical lines have found with the younger Chinese mind, the Christian missionaries have, in several instances, printed outlines of their religious lessons in the same form, designed for learners. One of these little books lies before us, the first lines of which, being rendered into English, run as follows:

"Creator of heaven and earth, maker of all things,
Maker also of man, is the true Lord;
Everywhere present, knowing all things,
Having all power, and ordering all."

But none of the Christianized imitations which we have seen has the rapid sketching, the continual variety, the peculiar native genius, which render the original such a favorite. On this account, and from the uncongenial religious element in them, they have failed of much success. The Tae-ping Wang who made such a stir, a dozen years ago, as king of the long-haired insurgents, and pretender to a second Messiahship, or to a part in a divine quaternity, availed himself of the advantage of a three-

character book as a medium of speaking to the old as well as young regarding his professed ascent into heaven, his high divine commission, and his new revelations in general. He says (Dr. Medhurst's translation):

"God gave him a seal, conferred on him a sword,
Connected with authority and majesty irresistible.
He bade him, with the elder brother, Jesus,
To drive away the impish fiends [Tartars], etc."

Again, the success of the little "Classic" is due in part to its germinal character, its possessing the seeds of a larger knowledge. Herein appears the skill of the composer, and herein resides vastly its educating power. And it is not an irrelevant suggestion, whether English and American authors of first-books for the young might not profitably make more of the germinal principle which enters so much into the "Three-Letter Classic." The Chinese book aims at the start to impart solid knowledge. It would not merely teach letters and words, but along with them, and through them, drop into the receptive mind the seeds of history, philosophy, and religion. These germs may for a time lie in the child's mind undeveloped and seemingly without vitality, and some might decry them as a positive clog to the intellect; but they come in easily with the words learned, they are stored in memory, and in due time they manifest their expansive and adhesive power. From the very first they form a nucleus for the constant accretion of fuller knowledge. The rudimental outline is gradually filled up. True, the philosophy and religion thus acquired may be bad, and the history thus learned may be only the record of ambition and vanity but; they are lodged tenaciously in the mind, for their roots strike into the vivid powers of childhood. Such knowledge can not be eradicated.

The "Three-Letter Classic" has likewise gained signal influence in virtue of its appeals to vanity, and its use of the

winning examples of human glory. One has only to read the last fifty lines, to feel a surprise in observing how fully the spirit of emulation is sought to be excited, and how largely the motive of name and fame is pressed. The bright examples brought forward, the glittering ideals of glory delineated, naturally enkindle in the child's mind a flame of enthusiasm. A strong, pleasing passion, so common to human nature, is set in motion to bear the young over the rugged and painful pathway of early training, and counteract in them every tendency to indolence. By the stories of fame so interesting in themselves, the little scholar is incited to apply himself with all his might. One could perhaps wish that other motives to surpassing attainment might find a place in the book. But undoubtedly the author has seized upon that one which is by far the most potent with the young, and, in fact, with mankind in general. Leading educators in Christian, as well as heathen lands, are found contending for some excitement of the scholar's ambition, in order to get the most out of him. Hence the use of prizes, merit-rolls, parts, degrees, etc., which are but means of exciting the pupil's ambition or emulation, thus availing of the natural passion for glory to make one forego the tasks of mental discipline. Hardly any one can doubt that often the idea of name and fame is made much too prominent in our schools of learning and drill, is injudiciously urged, and is left to work unregulated and unbalanced by the more conservative considerations of doing justice to one's self, being useful to others, and pleasing the Maker of all. But, after all, the desire of fame is original in our natures; and where is the family, where is the school, that does not make some approaches to its ready susceptibility to further the interests of discipline. John Milton knew what was the subtle and potent influence, as well as

service, of this principle of the soul, when he said:

"Fame is the spur the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

In his oration for the poet Archias, Cicero tells us the homely truth that the philosophers prefix their names to the very works they write on the contempt of human glory. And this same writer's words, in his treatise on the immortality of the soul, will come to mind: *Honor alit artes omnesque incendentur ad studia gloriâ.*

Sir William Hamilton was a strong advocate of inciting the zeal of students by substantial appeals to their desire of glory. He says, what should be qualified with exceptions, that the greatest minds of the world have been actuated most powerfully by this passion for honor. With Aristotle, he suggests that this passion is especially conspicuous in youth. And he favored a most generous offer of rewards to the successful competitors in his class-room. He even went so far as to say: "A very simple mode, and one which I mean to adopt, is, to record upon a tablet each year the names of the successful competitors; this tablet to be permanently affixed to the walls of the class-room, while a duplicate may in like manner be placed in the common reading-room of the library."

We offer one or two further quotations from the great Edinburgh philosopher, not to indorse them in full, but to show that he was one with Wang Pihhow in his principle of stimulating the youth to scholarly excellence by the visions of name and fame. Sir William says: "Emulation and the love of honor constitute the appropriate stimulus in education." And again: "Nothing could betray a greater ignorance of human nature, or a greater negligence in employing the most efficient means within its grasp, than for any seminary of education to leave unapplied these great pro-

moting principles of activity, and to take for granted that its pupils would act precisely as they ought, though left with every inducement strong against, and without any sufficient motive in favor of, exertion."

The ethics of the "Three-Letter Classic," in respect to a pupil's aim, do

not fall below what Hamilton has enunciated in the above; while we are convinced that the range of glory which Wang presented to the ambition of the children of China, was even superior to that which Sir William seems to have brought into use to awaken the efforts of his classes in Scotland.

H. A. SAWTELLE.

GRIZZLY PAPERS.

NO. II.

GOYE, who was a great loafer, was also a great satirist, and had upon several occasions been detected flogging people whose opinions he found himself unable to respect. Moye, who was only a lout, was mild of speech, and full of the gentle humanities. The two were sworn friends, but used to sometimes fight each other with the Nominalists and the Realists. (Nothing can be more touching than the close friendship between spirits so dissimilar.) One day Goye strode up to Moye, and, after tilting back his symbol of a hat, and mopping his steaming front with a weak apology for a handkerchief, remarked:

"This undeviating pig-wittedness of men and women is wearing me out. Only a few years ago they were told by Mr. Lewes about 'the dull monotony of noisy revelry,' and 'the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought.' They just go on noisily reveling, all the same. You and I are about all who seem to care for philosophic dissipation nowadays. Let us crush a flask of Aristotle: man is a most pernicious fish!"

"It is not quite true," returned the meek-thoughted Moye; "but his heart is sadly estranged from the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, to the Moral, the Established, and the Nice. You do not seem to know man very well."

"I think I have met him somewhere," retorted the sarcastic Goye; "what do *you* know about him?"

"I have been through him with a lantern."

I DO not believe in maintaining costly virtues in a condition of idleness; like costly horses, they soon "eat off their own heads." (If men could do that, mutton-lovers would become extinct.) If a man have honesty, let him get some work out of it, or give it up. In a select few of the affairs of life—prominent among which is the egg-trade—honesty really is the best policy; and if seldom adopted (*if!* Muscular Hercules! *if* expresses a doubt), it is from a lack of business sagacity. Now there is not, in my humble opinion, one honest egg-merchant in San Francisco: they are knavish as the day is long, and the knavery of some of them extends a good way into the night. I deal with them to the extent of about two thousand dollars a year, and I never purchase or get measured for a dozen eggs without a sweet consciousness that I am about to be cheated; and I never purchase or get measured twice at one place. If any single one of these gentlemen would sell or build me good eggs at a fair price, I would centre my entire patronage upon

him. It may be seriously affirmed that twice in thrice when a stranger is cheated a customer is lost.

It will be observed that I have not presumed to question the complete righteousness of any but egg-merchants. It is extremely probable that I consume and wear out two thousand dollars' worth of eggs yearly. It appears reasonable.

I HAVE seen ten thousand trained soldiers put to flight by an idea. This is called a panic. There are ideas that resemble bomb-shells: they slant shrieking into the field of thought, fizzing, sputtering, and tumbling crazily about, with a mighty menace, and every body scampers away in terror. These aggressive missiles usually explode with a mild and courteous report, without hurting any one, and, when examined, the fragments turn out, like those of certain meteors, to be a kind of bituminous jelly, baneful only if eaten. The infallibility of the Pope is an idea of this nature, and the world of Protestantism is fallen into great fear of it. There is really nothing in it. Rightly understood, the Pope's infallibility means nothing more than his conceded privilege to settle vexed questions, and give his Church a congruous and coherent body of doctrine. The dogma has the appearance of a loaded shell, but if I were a Protestant I should not budge an inch. I am neither Protestant nor Catholic.

I am a Heathen.

THERE are other ideas, that go slinking in and out among the shins of men, like a frightened rabbit, and no one pays any attention to them. The doctrine that tomato-catsup is as good with chicken as is guava jelly, is one of these.

IF there is any one truth which may justly be regarded as established by the united testimony of all modern philosophers, it is that a little lemon-juice im-

proves a whisky-punch. I would not, however, advise any one to stay away from church of a Sunday to put lemon-juice in his punch. Nature has kindly set aside six days in the week for squeezing lemons.

THERE are in the United States several millions of people who can not read their Bibles. This is shown by the census returns. There are exactly ten times as many who can read them, and do not. This is proven by observation.

POOR Dick Steele's "Sable" (an undertaker—a creature whose existence is justified by that of the midwife) addresses one of his subordinates in this wise:

"You ungrateful scoundrel, did I not pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful?—and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are!"

Upon reading much of the periodical literature of to-day, one can not help thinking that the writers are still in some great man's service, and have not yet begun to receive their ten shillings per week from the public—which, however, does not require them to mortify the countenance. The gentle brotherhood of letters should be paid wages to tell what they are thinking of, not to think of something. If you want an obituary notice composed, pay some writer fifty dollars to fashion it for you, and you shall have as merry a piece of original prose as ever expired ingloriously in a flicker of mournful rhyme.

IF a man who is too heavy in the head shall attempt to swim, it is to be expected that he shall founder somewhat ludicrously. For him and his kind, the villages which it may be thought necessary for him to visit are connected by highways. The profound meaning of this

reflection may not be at once apparent in its full significance, but enough may be inferred from it to condemn the solid-headed humorists of to-day, who are certain to be swamped in the oblivion of to-morrow. The spot where one of them went down will be marked by a buoy bearing this inscription:

[The inscription reflects so severely upon a racy, good magazine, that I have omitted it.]

It is amazing to note the amount of literary talent in this comparatively uncultivated region. I know a hundred men in San Francisco who can write as entertaining a book as "Lothair."

THERE is a clownish kind of toy, made of light pith or cork cut into a mannish figure about two inches in length. At one end it is loaded with sealing-wax, and it will stand erect with this end skyward. But once disturb its equilibrium, and when you expect it to fall quietly upon its side, it executes an astonishing transposition, and stands rigidly upon its head.

The fashion of humor, in these times, is to stand upon your head.

I saw, one day, a little yellow man sitting upon the surface of the Western Sea, taking an observation of the sun. Naturally I asked him the time of day, and naturally he replied:

"When silver is no longer extracted from lead, it will be time to complain of three hundred millions of people who desire to be left alone!"

I have since written many books upon this mystery, with great benefit to the world. The other day I happened to pick up a Chinese controversial pamphlet, full of most revolting slanders against the religion of T'ien-chu, or the Lord of Heaven, and came upon this passage:

"In case of funerals, the religious

teachers eject all the relatives and friends from the house, and the corpse is put into a coffin, with closed doors. Both eyes are secretly taken out, and the orifices sealed up with plaster. * * * The reason for extracting the eyes is this: From one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be extracted eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds can be sold at the original cost. But the only way to obtain the silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose. Hence they do not take out those of their own people, but only those of the Chinese."

People who desire to be left alone—particularly if they be pagans—are very apt to err with regard to the practices of those who disturb them; but it must be confessed that these do sometimes amass great store of silver. Having now ascertained the exact meaning of the little yellow wizard's riddle, I am not under the necessity of writing any more books about it.

If the soul of Plato could return to animate somebody's clay (probably that of a usurper and a despot), would he not be violently enraged to find his beautiful conception of Love—the yearning of Spirit for Beauty—degraded into the yearning of a mushy young man for a peachy young woman whom he does not care to marry? So are the crude ideas of antiquity refined by the subtle spirit of modern thought.

Plato may consider himself dismissed.

WHO was it said that to him the sound of a trumpet seemed of a bright scarlet color? It does not matter; it was one of those glances into a future science that are occasionally vouchsafed to very imaginative men who have but little to do. Had he lived in California, he would have had enough to keep his tympanum in a condition of red unrest, and color it

a permanent crimson. Our trumpet is eternally sounding. No sooner does one of us lay it down from exhaustion, than another catches it up and shakes out of himself a fanfaronade that would have astonished the author of "Gerusalemme Liberata," who conceived the lines which Mr. Fairfax tries to persuade us to read thus:

"Through vastness wide it roared, and hollows vast,
And filled the deep with horror, fear, and wonder!"

It is really amazing, the volume of scarlet we have been able to get out of this trumpet of a single key. And it may all be set down to the account of misdirected effort. It would seem that instead of attracting the nations, it has actually frightened them off: as a ship slopes away from the sound of a fog-bell upon a rocky lee-shore. By so constantly and tediously blaring abroad the imaginary advantages of the Pacific Coast, we have provoked incredulity and denial of its real ones. The Atlantic journals have begun to tire of our excessive vanity, and, as if in retaliation, have sometimes sought to throw discredit even upon our modest claim that heaven is bounded upon the east by the Sierra Nevada. A goodly country has thus fallen into a disrepute which it will require years of golden silence to repair.

PLATO held that those souls which in a previous state of existence had obtained the clearest glimpse of eternal truth, entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers (by a striking coincidence he was himself a philosopher), musicians, and lovers. He excluded musicians and lovers from his delightful "Republic." I am not in a position to state that inconsistency appertains to the system of Plato alone. The souls which had least contemplated divine truth, animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. By another remarkable coincidence, Dionysius I, who threatened to decapitate the broad-brow-

ed thinker, was a usurper and a despot. I do not know that Plato was the first to construct a system that might be quoted against his personal enemies. I do know that he was not the last.

I HAVE carefully collated the following aphorisms, in order that while the moralists are getting all the money, the people may have some kind of instruction:

It is not to be claimed that by merely keeping out of the penitentiary one may establish a title to all the known virtues. Negative morality is commendable within certain limits; but the fat social kine who simply refrain from banqueting upon the lean ones, are not entitled to the same measure of credit as the active dog who keeps the lean ones from devouring them. The kind of Decalogue demanded by our present needs is one in which each several commandment shall begin with "Thou shalt," instead of "Thou shalt not." Every candid mind will agree to this—with merely the proviso that the amendment shall stop with the elision of the negative.

Ever since Goethe represented Mephistopheles as taking the shape of a poodle to pass the pentagram which in his proper form he was unable to cross, every designing imp who has wished to sneak over an inhibition, has deemed it expedient to assume the character of a dog—by which that beast has been greatly damaged in his reputation. This shallow artifice is become undemonly: if one may not defile the temple in his own proper person, let him stand outside and make mouths.

It is customary to speak of our social habits as founded in instinct. This is Reason in her own defense.

Men usually attribute their unselfish actions to a sense of duty. The acute thinker will demand a motive.

So powerful is sexual affection that it is felt even among the ties of consanguinity: to a prudent father, an economical

daughter is infinitely dearer than a spend-thrift son.

If all the rogues were to fall sick, very few of them would have medical attendance.

It has been very cleverly argued that pickled hippopotamus is better as food for the million than sugar-cured rhinoceros; but a great deal can be said upon the other side. The world is also very much divided upon the question of Baptism.

It requires eight persons to dance a quadrille: a single individual may construct a falsehood to blacken somebody's character. Even solitude has its peculiar charm.

There are times in every man's life when he feels like doing a great mischief. The sooner he does it, the sooner will he rid his soul of that very reprehensible craving.

When you are in doubt as to what course to pursue, consult your book of Aphorisms.

By seer foretold, the fatal morn
Of Resurrection's Day is born!
The sliding sea no longer slides—
No longer knows the trick of tides;
The land is silent, winds relent,
All Nature waits the dread event.

From wassail rising rather late,
Awarding Jove arrives in state;
O'er yawning graves looks many a league,
Then yawns himself from sheer fatigue.
Lifting its capital on high,
A marble shaft arrests his eye—
This epitaph, in pompous pride,
Engraven on its polished side:

"Perfection of Creation's plan,
Here resteth Universal Man,
Who virtues segregated wide,
Collated, classed, and codified,
Reduced to practice, taught, explained,
And strict morality maintained.
Anticipating death, his pelf

He lavished on this monolith:
Because he leaves nor kin nor kith
He rears this tribute to himself,
That Virtue's fame may never cease.
Hic jacet—let him rest in peace!"

With sober eye Jove scanned the shaft,
Then turned away and lightly laughed:

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"Poor Man! since I have careless been
In keeping books to note thy sin,
And thou hast left upon the earth
This faithful record of thy worth,
Thy final prayer shall now be heard:
Of life I'll not renew thy lease,
But take thee at thy craven word,
And let thee rest in solemn peace!"

THERE is a class of persons who go about with pot and brush, covering the dead walls of society with coarse posters libeling the respectable moon. They are very severe upon this orb, and not unfrequently excite much merriment at its expense. But they always commit the grave error of demanding money for a look at their posters, and the public is not of a mind to pay money to see the moon covered with ridicule and put to confusion. Consequently the publication of American comic journals is not persevered in for very long at a time. Which being translated, means that very good wit may be very injudiciously applied, and the stab that might provoke a mighty writhing in a snake, will fail of its effect upon an old shoe. The gravest mistake of our comic writers (next to that of being comic writers) lies in the misapplication of their talent, such as they have. If any man of true wit shall seriously, sharply, and pointedly assail folly, cant, hypocrisy, and villainy in the persons of their representatives, being not too particular in the suppression of names, he shall win for himself a great applause from those who will look coldly on while he runs a tilt against a possibly foolish, but certainly insignificant habit of thought or expression—or, impales the inoffensive moon. He needs not greatly concern himself that his motive may be misconstrued when he forks up a breathing man instead of an unfeeling clod: time will right all that, and if it do not, those who fling razors ought not to care for cut fingers. Above all, let him note the broad distinction between wit and funniness. The American public has a craving tooth for the former, and

will not pay a groat for the latter. One may write very comically about the moon, or about a butcher's block, but wit is always employed, either directly or indirectly, against man and his devices. The javelin may be any one of a thousand patterns, and cast from any one of a thousand ambuscades, but the target is ever the same. A little attention to these suggestions may be of service to publishers who are hesitating between success with a satirical journal, or failure with a comic one.

"MEN," says Voltaire, who knew the scamps, "are so constituted that they like very well to do evil, but they will not have it preached to them." Reader, let us understand one another: thou and I will practice iniquity, even unto the filling of our excellent souls with satisfaction; but in our intercourse, the one with the other, in the pages of the OVERLAND MONTHLY (a most erudite print), the subject shall be steadily ignored:—as oft a whole roomful of persons do pretend to the unconsciousness of a thing unpleasant, though each doth know that all the rest do think upon it, and that they do know he thinks upon it in like wise.

SOME other philosopher has said that nothing can occur without being produced by a great variety of causes. Let me illustrate this:

First, there was the soup—which was ox-tail; then the claret; then the flounder—who was skinned. (The primary preparation of this beast is to skin him; his lack of scales is *not* a merciful concession of Providence to the weary cook.) Then the leg of mutton; then the roast, accompanied and followed by no less than twelve correlative and supplementary causes (*vulgaris*, courses), which it were superfluous to particularize. There was then the dessert; the sherry; the champagne; the cigar; the peace of

conscience; the *café noir*—with which *kirschwasser* is better than cognac, whatever the unphilosophic mind may advance to the contrary.

Now, we have concerned here, in the production of this single state of present bliss, no fewer causes than—how many are there? It is not important.

THERE are in California a great many thousand people who perform miracles. The method is this: A man takes a reed and scroll, which have been blessed for the purpose, and writes these cabalistic words: "*California magna est.*" He then reverses the papyrus, and writes, "*Magna est California.*" He then uncovers his head, and holds the scroll up, and the glare of the sun is flung broadly upon it, rendering the inscription visible all over the State. The miracle consists in believing it.

HAVING spoken of War in our first Paper, we naturally, through recollections of early school debates, come to the consideration of its twin evil—Intemperance. And here we are again confronted with the same old amiable maniac of lion-lamb proclivities, whom we left weeping copiously over the alarming prevalence of war. Poor old party! let him have his say:

Amiable Maniac.—You certainly do not contemplate a defense of intemperance!

Ursus.—I certainly do not think it stands in any present need of it; it seems to be doing well.

A. M.—It is a great and growing evil.

U.—You're another; but it really is.

A. M.—It ought to be vigorously stamped out.

U.—Like earthquake, for example.

A. M.—The law could do it.

U.—If administered.

A. M.—But certainly a great deal may be done by our temperance societies—of several of which I am a shining light.

U.—Yes, a great deal, whenever the intemperate can be induced to join them, or otherwise manifest an interest in the matter.

A. M.—But, my *déar* Sir! how would *you* combat this great evil?

U.—Pretty much as you do—and with pretty much the same success.

A. M.—The love of strong drink is a most unnatural appetite!

U.—There, Sir, incredible as it may appear, you are wonderfully wrong. I think it is Mr. Buckle who cautions us never to defend a doctrine by arguments having a smaller or less permanent basis

than the doctrine itself. *I* say, never account for a fact by a cause having a smaller or less permanent basis than the fact. You made that mistake in the War question. All nations, in all ages, have used alcoholic stimulants. The only other permanent habits they have possessed in common are eating, drinking water, sleeping, reproducing, and building fires. It is noticeable that for each of these habits there exists an absolute physical necessity.

A. M.—Ah! I see; you seek to justify intemperance.

U.—You are a magnificent idiot!

URSUS.

AN EMBLEM.

I waited for a single flower to blow,
While all about me flowers were running wild:
Gold-hearted kingcups, sunnily that smiled,
And daisies like fresh-fallen flakes of snow,
And rarest violets sweet, whole colonies
Nestled in shady grasses by the brooks,
That sang, for love of them and their sweet looks,
Delicious melodies.

Now are they perished, all the fragile throng,
That held their sweetness up to me in vain.
Only this single blossom doth remain,
For whose unfolding I have waited long,
Thinking, "How rare a bloom these petals clasp!"
And lo! a sickly, dwarfed, and scentless thing,
Mocking my love and its close nourishing,
And withering in my grasp.

O dream! O hope! O promise of long years:
Art thou a flower that I have nurtured so,
Missing the every-day sweet joys that grow
By common pathways; moistened with my tears,
Watched through the dreary day and sleepless night,
And all about thy slender rootlets cast
My life like water, but to find at last
A bitterness and blight?

INA D. COOLBRITH.

CHLOE.

EVERY family has some member to whom they refer with pride—some one who has become distinguished by deeds of valor, uncommon intellect, or possessing that modern patent of nobility to which morality is secondary, merit inferior, and true excellence of the least account. "Uncle John" is a standing proverb; his semi-annual visits are mentioned daily; his witty sayings are served at breakfast, hashed for dinner, and warmed over for supper. The uninitiated inquires, "Who *is* Uncle John, that the Jones family are forever talking about?"

"Why, he is that delightful old nabob who is *so* rich: do be pleasant to him, my dear child;" or, "My brother, Commodore Smith, or General Johnson," as the case may be.

In our republican country, every genealogical tree has a titled branch; and we frequently find, upon investigation, "the Judge" is one of Equine court, and not Judicial. In this matter of titles we outrival England. *Our* family quotation is CHLOE. How long she has existed, or whether she *had* a beginning, is not known to the oldest inhabitant. Certain it is, she romped with our grandmother, assisted in the culinary festivities of our mother's wedding, was the contractor of *my* marriage-supper, and bids fair to live to superintend that of my daughter. I often ask, "Chloe, how old do you think you are?"

"Let me see, Miss Mary: I was about twenty when General Washington was here, and I helped cook the grand dinner for him that day."

Now, as this was in the year 1798, we take Chloe's assertion with some abatement, for she is spry as a kitten, active

and strong, and we know that many of her narrations in which she figures conspicuously are traditional, or only chimerical; but we never contradict the old soul, and allow her to think she has imbued us with a full sense of her own importance.

Large limbs, full and firm; head round as a cannon-ball, closely covered with white wool; little, round ears; bright, black eyes; white teeth, which are even now wonderful in beauty; a good-natured mouth; the nose characteristic of her race and color; hands, the whiteness of the inside of which always puzzled me; a large, flat foot, and behold—Chloe! She stands photographed before me now, in her calico dress of dark blue, thickly sprinkled with white stars; a tow-apron, with strings that went twice round a waist of such tremendous dimensions that I used to wonder if any arm was ever long enough to encircle it; her spotless, white, woolen stockings, which summer heat probably did not penetrate (for they never varied their texture for such trivialities, in Chloe's mind, as seasons); and her gay, plaid turban, which is the admiration of all children. The delicious tarts and cakes which she always has in secret places for the little ones—biscuits in her pocket, turnovers hid in the oven, all sorts of forbidden fruit, which they are certain to get by flattery and coaxing! Woe to the child who can not find Chloe when threatened with punishment, for we learned to look upon her as mediator between culprit and parent; and she is invariably victor. The memory of Chloe's superb dinners haunts me yet; and when wearied with repeated failures of the different cooks who "waste my substance, and spoil my

goods." I sigh for Chloe, to give me, ere I die, one such banquet as *she* only can compound.

Her love for dumb animals is beautiful to behold. Every fowl knows her voice, sure of a few grains of corn from her capacious pocket; Miko, the blind dog, lives in the sunshine of her goodness; no cat will show its claws or snarl when she appears, but rub its arched back against the blue calico with purring content.

To see Chloe arrayed in her younger days for a party, called together the entire household; the juniors were allowed the privilege of sitting up to inspect the gorgeously of her toilet, and the seniors of the family generally devoted the day on which the festivity occurred in trimming the dress which adorned the rotund figure. The turban was laid aside for the gayest of ribbons, and the sashes, bows, and flowers, which were a necessary accompaniment, moved to envy the subordinates in her dominion. Although Chloe would dance from sunset till day dawned, she was invariably at her post in the morning, without any apparent fatigue, and the matutinal meal served with accustomed regularity and excellence.

To listen to Chloe's narration of her victories over the "young trash," as she designates other aspirants to belledom; the gesticulations, the sneers which follow our hints that Sue or Bess looked well, and were recipients of attention from the most desirable beaux, is equal to a drama; and she will settle that point by speaking with supreme indifference of how Pete "treated" her to root-beer and sarsaparilla, and Dandy Jake, from over the river, spent all his specie for her in pea-nuts and cake; how the girls sat on benches, looking daggers at her when the spruce beau from the city asked *her* to dance, to the exclusion and disgust of those wall-flowers! The chuckles, the swing of her head, as she re-

peated the compliments paid her, were evidences of her susceptibility to flattery—for Chloe was a very woman.

The camp-meeting season is hailed as the holiday of the year: permission is granted for leave of absence for the entire week of jubilee, although Chloe is not in her true element on the campground. The most extensive preparations occupy days prior to the opening meeting: the oven used on ordinary occasions fails in its capacity to hold the pies, bread, cake, etc., which spring into something tangible at her magical touch, and the great oven in the wash-house groans with the burden in its cavernous depths. And O, the pride she betrays as she walks around the store-room, exhibiting these treasures, justly boasting that nothing in the camp-refectory will excel them! The chickens vainly endeavor to escape their doom; but their necks are wrung without compunction, and the slaughter of the innocents exceeds that of Christmas; and when the hour of exodus arrives, the united family assemble on the piazza to witness it. The large wagon is loaded with provisions, pots and pans fill the interstices between the boards, covered with buffalo-skins improvised for seats; and Chloe, as advance-guard, sits with Tom, the driver, with her white sun-bonnet, starched to the consistency of block-tin, wielding as sceptre a huge blue umbrella, and shouting, "Good-by, all," she is off!

Frequently, of a summer evening, we visit the encampment, and watch the happy congregation of colored people under the influence of the hour. Locality adds to the fervor of devotion: the grand old woods—the first temple the Mighty Architect dedicated to Himself—echo with prayer and praise from overflowing hearts; and many who attend for an evening frolic, are deeply impressed with the solemnity of the services, and realize that though God is



Bench

omnipresent, He is especially manifest to this little band.

It is simply impossible for the race to sit quietly under unusual excitement: mirth or grief is infectious; a free-masonry exists within the limits of the camp, and the bond of union is one cause, one sympathy. Their happiness finds vent in shouting, screaming, jumping; and they heartily enjoy it.

For weeks after Chloe's return, we hear of little else but the glories of camp-meeting, the several preachers whose eloquence captivated her, and whose praise of her edibles was unqualified. Ah, therein lay the secret of power! The hymns she learned are chanted till every child is familiar with their wail and dirge over sin, as well as with the more jubilant songs of converts. Finally, the unnatural exhilaration dies a common death, and we hear no more of it until another season.

But Chloe's life has not always been as smooth or free from sorrow and care as now. On an adjacent farm lived Bob—a lazy, shiftless creature; but he was the champion jig-dancer of all gatherings of the clan; could play the bones and tambourine, and sing all the ballads of the day: in fact, do any thing but work. These accomplishments attracted simple-minded Chloe more than his worth; and, woman-like, his very frailties were shielded by the pity he inspired. Our abuse of Bob only called forth her warm defense, ever ready to excuse his short-comings. To her he was an animated "example of every creature's best," and, despite remonstrance, with the pertinacity of her sex, adhered to her creed in Bob's perfections. Our faith in his protestations of affection for Chloe was not "even as a grain of mustard-seed;" and knowing he wanted her hard earnings more than a wife, he was forbidden the house. But Love laughs at prohibition, and this case was not exceptional. For a time, Chloe

sulked over her pies, and became so careless in cooking as to merit reproof. She would sit by the kitchen-fire nursing her love and melancholy, or go about with a countenance as lugubrious as if she were the veritable Chloe of ancient rhyme. But her Philander was not to be annihilated by our stern looks; and having determined to be conqueror, was not to be out-generaled. He persuaded Chloe that these rejections of his overtures by us, were only necessary skirmishes in the warfare of Love; and the true daughter of Eve resolved to taste the forbidden fruit, if Bob would enact the rôle of Adam in her imaginary Eden. Alas! she soon learned—

"The trail of the serpent is over it all!"

One morning, the hour for breakfast passed without the usual summons. Chloe failed to appear; investigation proved that Bob also had become invisible. Evidently they were acting in concert. Days passed without intelligence from the fugitives; but our interest in Chloe was life-long, and not to be dissolved by confederation with so worthless an object as Bob. We found them across the river, unrepentant and defiant, Chloe refusing to return to her old home, preferring to toil for her chosen lord, rather than acknowledge error; and occasionally thereafter, we heard of these victims of the hymeneal noose eking out existence in great misery and poverty.

To find a satisfactory substitute for Chloe was herculean labor. Meals were produced at novel hours; order and system were chaotic. We had become so accustomed to Chloe's régime that no one but CHLOE would answer. Some three months elapsed, when, as suddenly as she decamped, appeared our sable priestess—penitent, humiliated, money all spent, and begging to be reinstated. Her supremacy was established, and to this day she holds undisputed sway in that old kitchen. For her sake, they were given a little tenement, and Bob

employed on the premises. Under our supervision, her married life seemed to pass smoothly for a time; but Bob, true to his nature, could not walk the path of domestic duty. Frequently Chloe came to work with a bandage over one eye, or a swollen face, or an arm bound up in old rags smelling of liniment, and Bob was suspected of maltreating this patient, uncomplaining woman; but neither flattery nor scolding extorted a word against Bob. She always excused her appearance by saying, "Lord, Missus, I'se gettin' old, and must 'spect rheumatiz!" But when her children became old enough to talk, they divulged many a secret of poor Chloe's little house. Tom told how ducks and chickens were surreptitiously taken and sold in the village market. Mollie confided to us the mysterious disappearance of certain articles of furniture and clothing, till our righteous indignation against the author of these domestic calamities threatened him with legal proceedings, to protect Chloe and the remnant of her household goods. Things grew from bad to worse. Bob was implicated in a robbery, but prior to detection ran away, accompanied by a gay mulatto; was pursued by a stern arm of the law, captured, and brought to trial, when he was accused of ill-treating and deserting his wife, as well as having his honesty impeached; and not being so fortunate as to be tried before a New York Judge and jury, he was ignominiously declared both sane and guilty, and sentenced to serve his State for a limited term of years. The term expired—so did Bob, and has probably gone where he will never find Chloe to torment.

No story is too incredible for Chloe's credence, and she never fails to match it with one equally marvelous—something which happened to *Bob's aunt*, a personage who always assists her fiction, and is as mythical as Mrs. Harris—and her answers are always ready. One evening, as she was airing herself on the piazza, with her hands crossed on the tow-apron—a picture of content—Frank, thinking to nonplus her, said:

"Well, Chloe, are you enjoying your *otium cum dignitate*?"

With the gravity of a Senator, she answered:

"I am trying to, sir!"

Frank looked at her, somewhat disconcerted, and disappeared around the corner of the house, saying:

"Chloe, you're a brick!"

The Fifteenth Amendment is to Chloe the Millennium Proclamation, although she does not comprehend the length, breadth, depth, or height of its power; but she nevertheless exults that her Tom can be educated on an equality with her "old man," as she always calls our Frank; may aspire to sit in judgment on the bench, and despite the seeming fallacy of her reasoning, thinks he *may* yet be recognized as leader in fashionable society, and no office be unattainable, should this thick-lipped, split-pearnosed, and uncouth gutta-percha image choose to enter the political arena; and with a toss of her turbaned head, she struts across the kitchen, silencing all argument by the prospective remark:

"And, Miss Mary, my Tom may yet be President of these United States!"

Who knows?

M. B.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: The New Route to the East. By W. F. Rae. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1870.

It would seem that the old-time, formal English tourist in America has given way to a brisker and, let us fondly hope, a more truthful gentleman. * At least, our English *Viator* no longer confounds what is simply un-English with inferiority; no longer views us through tradition instead of observation, and is sometimes even inclined to make comparisons disparaging to his own highly favored land. Of this kind is Mr. Rae, whom we are chiefly led to admire, not so much, perhaps, because he finds that Americans are not all either *gauché* or forward, that there is some security for life and liberty on this side of the Atlantic, and that many of our Yankee improvements do actually tend to make life more comfortable and refined; but that he has been equally frank in his condemnation of a certain condition of civilization local in one part of America, over which most previous critics, both home and foreign, have combined to throw a specious glamour. In brief, he has had the insight, honesty, courage, or whatever it may be called, to sharply criticise the blatant conceit and gross materialism of the Californians, not as other tourists have done, in the language of admiration and the tone of apology, but with simple candor and unmistakable directness. We do not speak of this in distinction to the gushings of Mr. Todd, the respectable platitudes of Mr. Brace, or the superficial profundities of Mr. Bellows, but as particularly opposed to the sensuous cynicism of Mr. Bowles, who seems to have wandered through the California "greenwood" like a material "Jaques," with an equal facility for moralizing over a wounded deer "i' the forest," or expatiating upon the juiciness of a haunch from the same animal, carried about, cold, wrap-

ped up in a copy of the *Springfield Republican*. Some reason for this timid reticence may be found in the latter part of this extract:

"Indeed, the Californians have so thoroughly identified themselves with their State as to be among the greatest self-deceivers on the continent of America. They appear to live under the delusion that the rich gold mines, the unrivaled grain, the magnificent fruit, the delightful climate, are all creations of their own. Tell them that gold is quite as abundant in Australia, that Nature has been as kind to dwellers on other portions of the globe, and they will appear to think that an affront is intended. Add that in some respects they are not the equals of others who inhabit this continent, that the culture and polish of New England are not among their adornments, that they pay a disproportionate respect to material, when compared with intellectual achievements, and they will repel the charges as malignant calumnies. In short, Californians in general will marvel at the temerity of the daring speaker or writer who ventures to assure them that, even if they live in a paradise, they are not wholly without spot or blemish."

And some explanation, though no apology for the Californians themselves, may be found in Mr. Rae's previous suggestion: "That the dwellers in a State so lavishly endowed by Nature * * * should be prone to forget that they are the least part of what they see and enjoy, is by no means unnatural, yet it fairly lays them open to criticism." And as this criticism they do not get, for the reason already intimated, it has increased the native conceit. It is no extravagance to say that the moral, social, and even material growth of the State has been seriously retarded by this ridiculous praise, and that a greater part of its present commercial stagnation is due to the fancied security of this continual puffing, to a disposition on the part of the people to trust to local advertising rather than real worth, and to a tendency on the part of its prominent citizens to "run the State" by reports and prospectuses, after the fashion of a bogus mining-stock company.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Rae's first introduction to California was through the actual presence and glowing speech of the California Pioneers, then in Chicago on their triumphal visit. "They described California," says Mr. Rae, with great simplicity, "in a way that led me to suppose that the country must be a modern Eden. If they had added that it was Eden after the fall, they would have guarded themselves against exciting expectations which were doomed to be unfulfilled. * * * They assured me that the citizens of California were the superiors of all others on the continent; were endowed with every excellence of character which adorns and exalts mankind. Their achievements, I was emphatically told, had been unparalleled in grandeur and unequalled in importance, while all that had been performed, and all that was now rendered easy and possible, had its source in the conduct and character of the Pioneers! Such is the gist of the statements to which I listened with attention. If I do not accept them as wholly accurate," adds Mr. Rae, with a delicious infantile simplicity, "it is because I have failed to substantiate them by an examination of the facts." It was also, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Rae happened to be in Sacramento during the Pacific Railroad celebration, and heard the Lieutenant-Governor of the State reply to the toast of "California" with this native modesty: "Suffice it for me to say that our skies vie in beauty with those of far-famed Italy; our valleys surpass in richness the famous Valley of the Nile; our plains, in productiveness, the sunny plains of France; our Sierra Nevadas, for beauty and grandeur of scenery, surpass those of the mountains of Switzerland. Who would not be a Californian? Why, Sir, we have the bravest men, the handsomest women, and the fattest babies of any place under the canopy of heaven." But this is humility compared with the following tribute to Sacramento:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: It is not necessary that any one should speak for Sacramento. I am no speaker, but Sacramento requires no speaker. There was a time, in the long ago of her history, when every son of Sacramento was required to work, and act, and speak for her. But, thank God, that day has gone by; the wheel of time rolled on with a velocity that amazed and entranced, while it cheered and gladdened. The

devastation of fire and flood swept over her, but she arose, Phoenix-like, from her ashes, and the heart of every Sacramentan wells up with joy and gladness at the brilliant prospect of her future. The beautiful City of the Plains, nestling in her grandeur in the bosom of the valley, coquetting with the mountains and smiling on the sea, robed in republican simplicity, *modest and unpretending*, constantly growing in wealth and importance, cultivating a pure and enlightened Christian civilization, has attained a proud position among the cities of the Union. With her elements of greatness and grandeur, her gallant sons, her working-men, her cosy cottages, her stately mansions, her happy homes, her lovely daughters, her comely matrons, her churches and public schools, her looms and anvils, her mechanics and artisans—all speak in eloquent and thrilling tones of her present importance and future greatness. Her swift couriers of internal trade, whizzing through valley and canyon, over hill-top and mountain, rousing dreamy Nature, and awakening glad echoes all over the land; all—*all* attest her enterprise, and proclaim her the Queen of the Golden State."

The italics are ours. We read it with a shuddering wonder if any such extravagant nonsense as this was ever uttered in public. Is not Mr. Rae only chaffing us with an extract from *Martin Chuzzlewit*? We trust that some patriotic Californian will rise up with a copy of the *State Capital Reporter* of the date, and rebuke the scoffer.

Mr. Rae was not struck by either the hospitality or generosity of the people, "two qualities," which, he was told, "distinguished the citizens of San Francisco." He says:

"It would be an error, however, to regard the Californians as spendthrifts. While parting ostentatiously with their money, they are perpetually anxious to amass more wealth. The shrewdest Yankee can not excel them in looking after the main chance. They seem to think that the whole duty of man consists in getting money. But to employ their accumulated wealth in a way which will benefit the less fortunate, can not be numbered among the objects of their ambition. Many stories of unpardonable niggardliness are current. One of the best authenticated relates to 'The Mercantile Library' of San Francisco. Seventeen years ago the lovers of literature resolved upon founding a library here which should resemble the public libraries which do credit to the generous foresight of the inhabitants of the principal cities in the Eastern States. This collection of books and periodicals is large and valuable; the building wherein it is stored is a noble structure. Yet the existence of the association itself has been a never-ending struggle with poverty. The stranger who visits the library learns with amazement that the Managers 'can not point to one bequest or donation, save by some kind-hearted actor, musician, or lecturer, the proceeds of whose generosity have been devoted to the purchase

of new books.' The undertaking was originated and has been sustained by a few private citizens, 'most of them young, and dependent on their daily employment for a livelihood.' It is added, by the unimpeachable authority from which the foregoing quotations have been made, that 'these facts, so creditable to the literary culture of San Francisco, are less so to the intelligent liberality of her millionnaires.' Until these millionnaires shall have ceased to be living incarnations of purse-proud selfishness, it will be permissible, when describing them, to employ the stinging sarcasm of Burke, and say that the ledger is their Bible and Mammon their God."

It is interesting to compare this radical and direct criticism, written before the crowning degradation of the Mercantile Library Lottery had been achieved, with the abstract moralizing of the local press after the fact, or the open apologies of the *Springfield Republican*—all of which ignored the central point of Mr. Rae's criticism *in toto*.

But Mr. Rae has pleasanter things to speak of than the "niggardliness" of San Francisco millionnaires or the materialism and conceit of her people. He has a firm, unshaken faith in her ample resources, her wonderful climate, her generous soil, her picturesque scenery. He looks hopefully into her future—not with the champagne, filmy eye of the regular tourist, but with something of the clear insight of common sense. He sees "a small, but precious leaven of men," who do not recognize Dives as the highest type of manhood, but in their own ways and methods are trying to set up a higher standard: he speaks most encouragingly of Art and Letters. Yet it is rather cheerless comfort to a community which lives so much in the present, and values so highly that which "pays over the counter," to hear that "a century hence it is probable that the Californians will be a power in the Union, and will make their influence felt throughout the world. As their intrinsic merit becomes more tangible, their short-comings will afford less ground for comment. When they have stronger reasons for boasting, they will leave to others the task of trumpeting forth their praises."

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS. By H. Taine.
Translated by J. Durand. New York:
Leypoldt & Holt.

The delight which most readers will get from M. Taine's philosophy is a sensation

so rarely produced by art criticism—which is very apt to be dull and technical in proportion as it assumes to be most profound—that the question of his infallibility as a critic will not be apt to trouble them. Perhaps there is no reason why it should. No other writer has brought to the discussion of this subject an historical analysis as exhaustive, or a philosophy as realistic and striking; and whether he has handled his materials honestly—whether he has evolved them from his philosophy, or his philosophy from them—is not, after all, as important to us as that his conclusions should be the decision of a careful and educated taste. And these they unmistakably are.

Some English readers—particularly if they have only known Comte in the milder insular type of Buckle and Mill—may possibly be shocked at the delicious *insouciance* with which M. Taine contemplates the various phases of Christianity, Morality, and Public Virtue, as things more or less important in proportion as they affect Art. Yet those who receive pleasure from his thoughtful analysis will also admit that there is more chance of obtaining Truth through this singleness and dominance of idea, than in the divided enthusiasm of a writer like Ruskin, who endeavors to combine and glorify Poetry, Religion, and Aesthetics in the critical expression. In one respect, Taine's *History of Art in the Netherlands* and Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* are similar: they both group the geographical, physical, political, social, and religious history of a nation around a central theme; but while much of Ruskin's history is rhetoric colored by the sentiment and poetry of the writer, M. Taine's history, without being less picturesque, is more realistic.

It would be almost impossible to give an idea of this admirable work in any other or less words than M. Taine uses. Like the school of Art which he reviews, its excellence lies in its minute detail and striking color, and the thin outlines of a book—notice do it but scant justice. In that wonderful delineation of the aspect of external Nature in the Netherlands, on pages 69–77, we have a picture as remarkable and striking as any in the Flemish galleries, and one that in explaining and accounting for the Art almost reproduces its effect:

"Here, as at Venice, Nature has made man colorist. Observe the different aspect of things according as you are in a dry country like Provence and the neighborhood of Florence, or on a wet plain like the Netherlands. In a dry country the line predominates, and at once attracts attention; the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their stories of architecture of a grand and noble style, all objects projecting upward in the limpid air in varied prominence. Here the low horizon is without interest, and the contours of objects are softened, blended, and blurred out by the imperceptible vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled: that which predominates is the spot. A cow pasturing, a roof in the centre of a field, a man leaning on a parapet, appear as one tone among other tones. The object emerges; it does not start suddenly out of its surroundings as if punched out; you are struck by its modeling, that is to say by the different degrees of advancing luminousness and the diverse gradations of melting color which transform its general tint into a relief and give to the eye a sensation of thickness. You would have to pass many days in this country in order to appreciate this subordination of the line to the spot. A bluish or gray vapor is constantly rising from the canals, the rivers, the sea, and from the saturated soil; a universal haze forms a soft gauze over objects, even in the finest weather. Flying scuds, like thin, half-torn white drapery, float over the meadows night and morning. I have repeatedly stood on the quays of the Scheldt contemplating the broad, pallid, and slightly rippled water, on which float the dark hulks. The river shines, and on its flat surface the hazy light reflects here and there unsteady scintillations. Clouds ascend constantly around the horizon, their pale, leaden hue and their motionless files suggesting an army of spectres—the spectres of the humid soil, like so many phantoms, always revived and bringing back the eternal showers. Toward the setting sun they become ruddy, while their corpulent masses, trellised all over with gold, remind one of the damascene copes, the brocaded simarres, and the embroidered silks with which Jordaens and Rubens envelop their bleeding martyrs and their sorrowful madonnas. Quite low down on the sky the sun seems an enormous blaze subsiding into smoke. On reaching Amsterdam or Ostend the impression again deepens: both sea and sky have no form; the fog and interposed showers leave nothing to remember but colors. The water changes in hue every half-hour—now of a pale wine tinge, now of a chalky whiteness, now yellow like softened mortar, now black like liquid soot, and sometimes of a sombre purple striped with dashes of green. After a few days' experience you find that, in such a nature, only gradations, contrasts, and harmonies, in short, the value of tones, is of any importance." * * * * *

"The water is not of that deep sea-green resembling silkiness, as in the lagoons of Venice. The fields and trees have not that solid and vigorous tone visible in the verdure of Verona and Padua. The herbage is pale and softened, the water dull or dark, the flesh white, now pink like a flower grown in the

shade, now rubicund after exposure to the weather and rendered coarse by food, generally yellow and flabby, sometimes, in Holland, pallid and inanimate and of a waxy tone. The tissues of the living organism, whether man, animal, or plant, imbibe too much fluid, and lack the ripening power of sunshine. This is why, if we compare the two schools of painting, we find a difference in the general tone. Examine, in any gallery, the Venetian school, and afterwards the Flemish school; pass from Canaletto and Guardi to Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Hobbema, Adrian Van der Velde, Teniers, and Ostade; from Titian and Veronese to Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, and consult your optical impressions. On going from the former to the latter, color loses a portion of its warmth. Shadowed, ruddy, and autumnal tones disappear; you see the fiery furnace enveloping the Assumptions going out; flesh becomes of the whiteness of milk or snow, the deep purple of draperies grows lighter, and paler silks have cooler reflections. The intense brown which faintly impregnates foliage, the powerful reds gilding sunlit distances, the tones of veined marble, amethyst, and sapphire with which water is resplendent, all decline, in order to give place to the deadened whiteness of expanded vapor, the bluish glow of misty twilight, the slaty reflections of the ocean, the turbid hue of rivers, the pallid verdure of the fields, and the grayish atmosphere of household interiors."

Perfect as is this vivid and vivacious writing, as an extract it is incomplete without the concluding *résumé* of the styles of Rubens and Rembrandt, on pages 78 and 79. Farther on, M. Taine gives a more extended analysis of the characteristic genius of these two great Flemish masters, which, maugre a little sentimentalism, is unequalled for force and critical insight. In speaking of Rembrandt—to whose genius he does ample justice, and whose moral expression he seems to love—for the first time the critic warms into a reverence and enthusiasm that are so infectious that the English reader will surely forgive the praise that culminates in a comparison like this:

"—and when, nowadays, our over-excited sensibility, our extravagant curiosity in the pursuit of subtleties, our unsparing search of the true, our divination of the remote and the obscure in human nature, seek for predecessors and masters, it is in him and in Shakspeare that Balzac and Delacroix are able to find them."

M. Taine reaches the climax of his review with Rembrandt. The volume is divided into Part I, "Permanent Causes," and Part II, "Historic Epochs." The former division is a careful study of the predisposing influences of Race, Climate, Soil, and So-

ciety; the latter, an historical review of the progressive stages of Art and Society from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth.

POEMS. By Frederick Locker. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

That kind of elegant worldly wisdom which avoids the extreme of enthusiasm on the one hand, and cynicism on the other; which is sentimental only by implication, and satirical only by contrast; which in prose is *persiflage*, and in poetry is *vers de société*, is the basis of Mr. Locker's pleasant volume. To talk of Love and Marriage, as one may speak of them to one's partner in the pauses of a quadrille; to be as philosophical as one may be permitted to be in a drawing-room; to be as funny as a gentleman may without being comical—is the utmost aspiration of our poet. It is true, this is not a very exalted aspiration, but Mr. Locker's subjects are not exalted. Kneeling in the grass to tie the shoe-strings of a pretty girl, or discovering the important fact that another had tied a pet lamb to a tree with her garter, are not spiritually intellectual pictures; yet poets like the elegant Mr. Pope would have found some classical or mythological matter in them, and have explicated them with formal extravagance and insincerity; very gallant gentlemen like the late Thomas Moore would have elaborated them in a way to have made the fair subjects blush to their eyes; greater poets, like Mr. Tennyson, would have so idealized them with simile and comparison, that we would have lost sight of them as facts; but we doubt if any but Mr. Locker would have written about them as naturally, realistically, and yet with so much gentlemanly feeling. And if the trifling character of such incidents seem to require an apology, there is always one in his playful and half-philosophical climaxes.

Yet it will be apt to strike the reader that Mr. Locker's best things remind him of things which other poets have done better. He has done nothing half as good as Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom," or "Piscator and Piscatrix;" yet there is a suggestion in some of his work of both of these elegant trifles. In the mere exhibition of humor, wit, and satire, he is

the inferior of Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell; but for a certain "tone," and an easy, undemonstrative vivacity which belongs to "good society" alone, he is only equaled by his fellow-countryman, Praed. The most notable poem in the volume—"A Nice Correspondent"—is a fair specimen of this quality, and could not have been written in America. In its half-playful blazonry of the distinctive honors and social crowns of fashionable and aristocratic England, it has somewhat of that thrilling interest which so endears *Lothair* to the pensive chamber-maid, and the enthusiastic shop-boy.

ON THE USES OF WINES IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., Editor of "The London Practitioner." New York: J. S. Redfield. 1870.

Doctor Anstie's treatise is the result of many years of study and observation by one of the ablest and most reliable medical authorities. He commences by stating that it is no part of his object to discuss the question of the lawfulness or the advisability of using alcoholic liquors in general, either as food or as medicine; that he shall take it as established, both by wide-spread custom and the most recent physiological research, that alcohol, as such, has its legitimate place in the sustentation both of the healthy and of the diseased organism. Of course, he recognizes the necessity of using the greatest caution against the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, and against the formation of intemperate habits. He first considers wines as an article of diet in ordinary life. After discussing the chemical constituents of the various wines, and their qualities as affected by age, he gives the following summary of the conclusions at which he has arrived: Wines, for daily use by healthy adults, should not, on the average, contain more than ten per cent. absolute alcohol; eight or nine per cent. is better. If wine be used as the daily drink, it is best, as far as may be, to use only one kind at a time, and no other form of alcoholic liquid. The light wines, particularly claret and the white wines, are the best for ordinary use. The strong wines, especially sherry, are the appropriate *stimuli* of certain kinds of infantile and youthful debil-

ity, and of the enfeebled nervous systems of old persons. In certain diseases, Doctor Anstie has found wines and other alcoholic stimulants among the most important remedies.

OUR SISTER REPUBLIC: A Gala Trip through Tropical Mexico in 1869-70. By Colonel Albert S. Evans. Hartford, Conn.: Columbian Book Company. 1870.

The respect which all thoughtful Americans feel for the Hon. William H. Seward will not, we fear, be greatly enhanced by this account of his late visit to Mexico. Not but that Mr. Seward, in an introductory letter to Colonel Evans, declines to sanction either the "observations" or the "deductions" of his fellow-traveler. "Received and entertained there as a guest of the Republic," writes the ex-Premier, "I have practiced in regard to Mexico, since my return to the United States, the same delicacy which I expect a friend whom I have been entertaining, to practice when he has left my house." When we consider that we do not usually entertain our friends with political speeches and talk of our "relation to sister Republics," and that friends do not usually visit us with reporters in their company, we can hardly accept Mr. Seward's protest as sincere, or his comparison as felicitous. The whole trip, from beginning to end, was a public ovation to a public man, and about as unlike a private reception as could well be. We can not but regard Mr. Seward's snub of the unfortunate chronicler—who honestly endeavored to vindicate his only excuse for being present at all, and who has given us a very readable book—as a diplomatic fiction; and we do not blame Colonel Evans for revenging himself by printing the letter, whatever we may think of his wisdom in not complying with its apparent request.

Considered, then, as a record of an official reception with a *quasi*-political bearing, it is one that most readers will find difficult to elevate to a dignity commensurate with their ideas of Mr. Seward. Even the excessively opulent language of the gallant Colonel—who seems, at times, to have caught the real *pronunciamiento* dialect and high-flown diction of Mexican speech—can not conceal the

clashing of barbaric cymbals throughout his pages. Nothing could be more solemnly ridiculous than some of the translated addresses. It is the Acting-Governor, Cueva, who salutes the hapless Seward as "the eminent statesman, who, from the *Casa Blanca* at Washington, presented a barrier to the irruption of the barbarians who presumed to sow in our fertile fields the noxious weeds which have paralyzed the sons of the old continent. The prouder world of Colon," continues the eloquent Cueva, now wildly prancing in fresher rhetorical pastures, "which was imprudently attacked and wounded, answered unanimously with defiance to the piratical threat promulgated to her; and then shone with redoubled effulgence the sun of the *Cinco de Mayo*, and blinded with its radiance the eyes of the enemies of Republican institutions." To all of which Mr. Seward replied with some of his well-known theories, of perhaps no greater moment for being in the more measured language of the State Department, and concluded by recommending his policy "to the Republics of Mexico and South America." "When Mr. Seward had ceased speaking," naively relates Colonel Evans, "the applause was hearty and enthusiastic, and the last shade of doubt and distrust that seemed to have been lingering in the public mind as to the motives of his visit appeared to have been dispelled." What this singular "distrust" and "doubt" of their invited guest could have been, the Colonel does not tell us. Whether they harbored an idea that Seward had some *pronunciamiento* concealed in his coat-tails; whether they imagined he was endeavoring to effect a purchase of Mexico on the spot, we shall never know. Enough that his progress was thereafter one gorgeous oratorical display. Literary pyrotechnics blazed along the march; rhetorical blue-lights lit him onward to the halls of the Montezumas. At the banquet in Mexico, Señor Altamirano, a full-blooded Indian, evidently the Jefferson Brick of Mexico, delivered a speech, of which the Colonel truthfully says no translation could do justice. "A torrent of fiery eloquence" flowed from that gentleman's lips. He began by informing his friends that the banquet was "not to the foreign monarch," nor to the "fortunate conqueror whom we see in our

banquet raising the cup to his lips with a bloody hand—a banquet offered through fear”—but in fact, so to speak, quite the reverse. Señor Altamirano then proceeded to show, by ingeniously blended metaphors, how the Republican Party of America “set their shoulders to the gigantic task of washing away the dark cloud that obscured the Stars and Stripes of their noble flag. Gigantic task, I should say, that threatens to annihilate those that should attempt it.” The result of this dangerous lavatory process was, that, “under the splendor of the rainbow, appeared the slaves with their chains broken asunder, and their foreheads illuminated with the sun of equality.” It was at this banquet that the author responded to a toast offered the Press. It will be gratifying to every “son of the proud city by the sunset sea,” to know that Colonel Evans did not falter in this whirlwind of mixed metaphors, but concluded his remarks with the following apostrophic outburst:

“Mexico! the sun of your tropic clime is only less warm than the hearts of your children, and the flowers of your fields only less beautiful than the daughters of your land, whom I have known, and loved, and honored long and well.

“But mightier far than the power of the Press, grander than the courage of the soldier, nobler than the devotion of the patriot, more beautiful than all the flowers of the valley, are the memories, sweet, and tender, and holy, which cluster around the sacred name of ‘Mother.’”

The gallant Colonel then proceeded to explain that he referred particularly to the “mothers of Mexico,” as represented by Mrs. Juarez, whom he then and there toasted.

That he entered fully into the politics and patriotism of his entertainers, there can be small doubt. Like most converts, however, his zeal was more demonstrative than that of the most fiery partisan. He abhors Maximilian throughout the whole of his five hundred pages. He denies him courage, and talks of the “trembling of his great, white lips” when he was captured; he denies him dignity in his extreme moments, and speaks of his scowling upon the officer at his execution, and avers that the position in which he faced the muskets, with his hands behind him, was from his “repugnance to touching the hands of common men;” he denies him the last words which report has

given us. It is by no means surprising to learn that the authority for these denials rests on the statement “of one of the officers of the court-martial which condemned Maximilian;” but the *naïveté* with which the author admits it is rather astounding. The visit to the Cerro de las Campanas is, in fact, one of the rhetorical climaxes of the book. Not but that there are way-side graves enow, with “plain, wooden crosses painted black,” marking the scenes of assassination and violence in that land of “warm hearts” through which they passed, but that these do not point a moral perhaps quite as favorable to the civilization as this; so that when the author figuratively “voids his rheum” on the graves of Maximilian, Mejia, and Miramon, “while the uncle of Miramon told the story of the execution, and the two sisters of the most ambitious, bigoted, and unscrupulous of Mexican celebrities, clad in black, stood weeping silently behind them,” we recognize the protest as essential to the Colonel’s position as an ardent Republican and Colonel in the California State Militia, and willingly spare him his rhetorical apology, fine as it is. We can even understand the gloomy satisfaction with which, at the banquet in the palace at Mexico, he noted the fact that the spoons were spoils from the last tenant.

The Colonel is equally enthusiastic in more pleasant features of Mexican progress. At Guadalajara he finds two fine High Schools, in one of which the music scholars “give the opera of *Ernani* in as grand a style as it is usually given by the regular opera companies of the United States;” he finds a model pawnbroker’s-shop in the city of Mexico; the children are decent and well behaved, and are remarkable for their filial devotion; the scenery is everywhere beautiful, and the climate lovely. To this paradise there are only such drawbacks as banditti; but as the leaders of these belong to the first families (*vide* page 137), and have their financial agent and broker who arranges the ransom, the social charm is not impaired.

We have already intimated that the volume is readable and entertaining—qualities, it may be remarked, that do not always pertain to more judicious, tasteful, and valuable works. It is also but just to Colonel Evans

to add, that whenever and wherever he leaves politics and æsthetics alone, he may be read with pleasure and profit. His prejudices are, unfortunately, more dominant than his taste, though he is inclined to be good-humored whenever the circumstances are favorable to the development of this quality, and his observations are replete with Western shrewdness and a certain sense of grotesque humor. He is most picturesque when he is unconscious of effect; it is in the attempt at "fine writing" that he is apt to fail. It is, at least, an unfortunate commentary on those repeated assurances that he has a sympathizing nature, which he offers as an excuse for his exultation over Maximilian's grave, that his book closes with a horrible attempt at a *humorous* description of a dying horse fighting with vultures. "They were engaged in this nice little game of 'freeze out' as we left the station and passed out of sight." Says Colonel Evans: "Did the *zapilotes* and death beat the horse at last? Or did he starve them while they waited? Or are they still waiting and watching, he living and hoping, and the game bound to go on to the end of time? * * * Let the riddle of the Sphinx go unread, the story of the Lost Tribes untold, the problem of the squaring of the circle unsolved: they are but as vanity and vexation of spirit to me; but would you save my gray hairs from going down in sorrow to the grave, skip all the rest, and come down to the *ranchero*, and the pig, the horse, and the *zapilotes*—tell me who whipped, and O, tell me quickly!" The only possible excuse to be made for this perfectly gratuitous and awful facetiousness lies in the fact that the dying horse and his attendant vultures probably offered a grim illustration of the present condition of Mexico that was altogether too obvious for Colonel Evans' purpose.

The book contains but little that is new concerning Mexico. Its real value must be measured by the fact that it is the only chronicle extant of Mr. Seward's visit to that country. But it is interesting, also, and deserving the space we have freely given it, as being, in some measure, a California book—the work of an industrious, enterprising, and smart writer, who has been long identified with the journalism of the Pacific Slope—a

work possessing many of the reporter's merits, and not a few of his faults—and a work quite readable from beginning to end. To some more thoughtful readers it will possess a certain interest for which its author is not responsible. They will see in it the record of the restless recreations of a venerable statesman and politician—one who had "done the State some service," but to whom the protracted excitements of long years of public service rendered private retirement impossible; who, in the grand climacteric, is content to wander among a provincial people, taking their tinselled offerings as gold, their weak hysterics as intelligent appreciation—his historian, a smart reporter and Colonel in the California State Militia.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The publication of Children's Books, so called, has grown to such an alarming extent that the conscientious critic might well doubt his ability to do justice to them severally. The more philosophical critic, however, will be apt to console himself with the reflection that the class of readers to which they are addressed do not, happily for themselves, read *critiques*, and have a way of liking feeble books, or disliking good books, that at least is perplexing to the critic. It is by no means an easy task to write a really clever book that shall also commend itself to the juvenile mind, and the effort has not been thought unworthy of our best writers, including Charles Dickens—whose *Dream of a Star* is among the republications of the present season. The old-fashioned stories, with a moral or pious reflection impending at the close of every sentence, or the clumsily adjusted mixture of didactic truth and saccharine rhetoric administered like sulphur and treacle for the moral health of the unhappy infant, are happily long since abandoned. The idea of pleasing children by writing down to their supposititious level and flavoring the work with a bland imbecility, has also exploded. Among the better and more ambitious books for boys, we note De Chailu's *My Apingi Kingdom* and Biart's *Adventures of a Young Naturalist*, both of which, while they appeal to the boyish taste for adventure, contain certain information, more or

less clearly introduced. Then we have the eminently realistic series—perhaps the most popular kind of Children's Books, and yet one which, we fear, would not stand the test of literary taste—of which the *Dotty Dimple*, *Fly-away*, *The Beckoning*, and *The Upward and Onward* series are late additions. *The House on Wheels* is slightly German, in the best and worst senses; and *Letters Everywhere* is a somewhat exalted primer. Mr. Ross Raymond's *The Children's Week* is very fresh and noticeable, and certainly entirely original in conception, although in the execution of some of the pretty little tales strung in this novel fashion there is a suggestion of the Dickens Christmas manner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- IN DUTY BOUND. By the author of "Mark Warren," "A Brave Life," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- OPINIONS CONCERNING THE BIBLE LAW OF MARRIAGE. By One of the People. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- OUR SISTER REPUBLIC. A Gala Trip through Tropical Mexico in 1869-70. By Col. A. S. Evans. Hartford, Conn.: Columbian Book Co. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- SCHILLER'S COMPLETE WORKS. By Chas. J. Hempel, M.D. Two vols. Philadelphia: I. Kohler. Sold by Boericke & Tafel, San Francisco.
- TENT LIFE IN SIBERIA. By George Kennan. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. London: I. Low, Son & Marston. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by H. W. Longfellow. Three vols. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE FLYING MAIL. By M. Goldschmidt.—OLD OLAF. By Magdalene Thoresen.—THE RAILROAD AND THE CHURCH-YARD. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Boston: Sever, Francis & Co.
- VAGABOND ADVENTURERS. By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- WESTWARD BY RAIL. By W. F. Rae. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- WHY AND HOW. By Russell H. Conwell. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

- DOUBLE PLAY. By William Everett. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- FIELD AND FOREST. First of the Upward and Onward Series. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- HOUSE ON WHEELS. By Mons. de Stolz. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- LETTERS EVERYWHERE. By Theophile Schuler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- LITTLE MARY AND THE FAIRY. By Harriet B. McKeever. Philadelphia. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co.
- THE BECKONING SERIES:—1. Who Will Win? 2. Going on a Mission. By Paul Cobden. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. By George Zabriskie Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE SOCIAL STAGE. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.
- THE TONE MASTERS (HANDEL and HAYDN). By Charles Barnard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Sold by A. Roman & Co.

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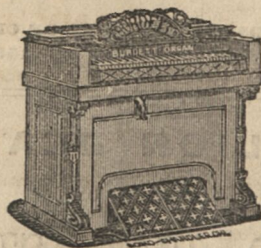
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